Sport, Travel & Fiction

The BYSTANDER.

Art Literature & the Drama.

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Photo by *W. and D. Downey*

The latest portrait of Her Majesty Queen Alexandra

Photographed at Mar Lodge, when the Queen was on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Fife

No. 64.—Vol. V.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short, witty sketches and episodes, rather than stories, of a bright, crisp, and epigrammatic nature, of about 1,000 to 1,500 words in length, are the only kind of fiction that is wanted, and preference is given to that which is light and amusing. News and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone Number is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy, irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION

"The Head of Gold." By Mark Ashton. (Ward, Lock and Co.: 6s.)

"Rosamond Grant." By Mrs. Lovett Cameron. (John Long: 6s.)

"Lord Eversleigh's Sins." By Violet Tweedale. (John Long: 6s.)

"The Clock and the Key." By A. H. Vesey. (Appleton: 3s. 6d.)

"Peter's Mother." By Mrs. Henry de la Pasture. (Smith Elder: 6s.)

"The Red Cravat." By A. T. Sheppard. (Macmillan: 6s.)

"The One who Saw." By Headon Hill. (Cassell and Co.: 6s.)

"The Tempestuous Petticoat." By Robert Barr. (Methuen: 6s.)

"Comic School Tales." By H. J. Barker. (Jarrold: 1s. net.)

"Harum Scarum." By Esmé Stuart. (Jarrold: 1s. net.)

MISCELLANEOUS

"The Downfall of Russia." By Hugo Ganz. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6s.)

"The Sportsman's Year Book for 1905." Edited by A. Wallis Myers. (Newnes: 3s. 6d.)

"Debrett's House of Commons and the Judicial Bench for 1905." Illustrated with Armorial Bearings.

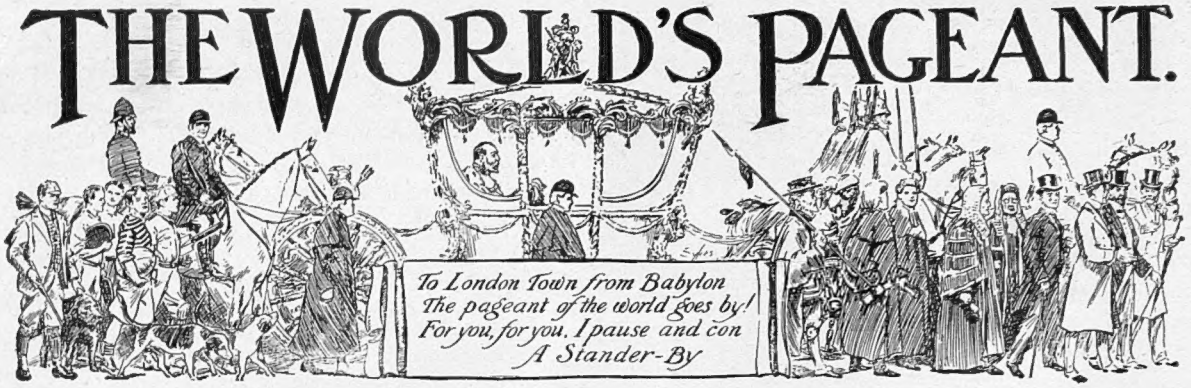
"Mistresses and Maids." By Isabel D. Marris. (Jarrold: 1s. net.)

"The Twentieth Century Child." By E. H. Cooper. (Lane: 6s.)

"Great Zimbabwe." By R. N. Hall. (Methuen: 21s. net.)

"De Profundis." By Oscar Wilde. (Methuen: 5s. net.)

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT.



London: Wednesday, February 22, 1905

Parliament having reassembled and found a fat billet for Lord Onslow—one of that gallant band who believes that England will go to the deuce unless she is ruled by Tories—is now discussing amendments to the King's Speech, with results accurately estimated beforehand.

* * *

It is one of the most striking characteristics about the Conservatives that they cannot conceive how anyone could wish the Liberals to rule instead of themselves. Such a suggestion, in fact, savours of sacrilege to many of them. One M.P.—Colonel Kenyon-Slaney, to be precise—made it so unpleasant for one of his tenants who dared to harbour political opinions different from those of his landlord, that he has had to give up his holding; while intolerance savouring of the same spirit is noticeable in many other supporters of the present Government.

* * *

The Liberal tactics cannot be said to have been exactly edifying as yet. The Party is betraying an almost indecent impatience to fill the shoes of an invalid who is not yet past curing. Why should the Government resign when they have a majority of over sixty, at least? If the Conservative Juntas are torn asunder by the Fiscal Question, it may be a matter of self-congratulation to the Liberals, who for

"ONCE MORE UNTO THE (FISCAL) BREACH, DEAR FRIENDS, ONCE MORE."

—*Henry V.*, *Act* 3, *Scene* 1.

'Nae cock suld craw, nae bairrd suld sing,
Naebody suld sae onything,—if we but had oor wa'!"
Haddon Hall

(The L.C.C., especially Mr. John Burns, have decided not to sanction the "Paris in the Strand" scheme)

so long have lived out in the cold, and they can take their chance of profiting by it; but that they should make it the excuse for an official resolution, which was destined to a heavy defeat, does not seem, to put it mildly, to have been a very brilliant idea.

* * *

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and his henchmen should not forget that if there is a revulsion of feeling in the constituencies against the Tory Party, it by no means indicates that the nation is overjoyed at the thoughts of a "C.-B." administration, supported by such gentlemen as Mr. Winston Churchill and Mr. Lloyd-George. The Liberal Party is by no means popular yet. It has done nothing to make itself popular. It seems to have no programme worthy of the name, and its only excuse can lie in its honesty.

* * *

The anxiety of the Ministers to retain office, and the equal anxiety of the Opposition to obtain it, is possibly explained by the emoluments which appertain to it. Considering that, in theory, the Member who is elected to Parliament is serving his country without expectation of material reward, and considering that, in practice, the private Member gets nothing for the great amount of time he spends, and is expected to spend, at Westminster, it seems to me that the official posts in an Administration are tremendously overpaid. It is not right that a man's duty to his country should be warped by avarice, yet this is conceivably the case. A Cabinet Minister, like Mr. Arnold-Forster, who muddles hopelessly at the War Office, is paid more than three times the salary that Sir John Fisher receives, who is entirely answerable for the efficiency of the Navy.

* * *

I believe that if salaries in all political billets were cut down one-half, or even one-quarter, of what they are at present, it would exercise a very beneficial influence on political life. We should not find each Party offering doles to its supporters, and thus England would be more equitably governed. At the present minute, can it be denied that the recipient of £5,000 per annum is not liable to be more or less influenced in his judgment? No gentleman should wish to make money in politics. If he is poor, there are other avenues open to him for money-making purposes—the Stock Exchange, for instance—and in accepting a paid office in a Government, he should look on his services as given to the cause of his country, where some personal sacrifice is, perhaps, expected.

St. Valentine at St. Stephen's

To open her doors on St. Valentine's Day
The Mother of Parliaments rose betimes,
And plumed herself for the day's display
To the thundering tune of Big Ben's chimes;
"'Tis Valentine's Day, and the legend states
That the very first person one sees outside
Has a mystical influence upon our fates,
Whom do you see, Big Ben?" she cried.

"Oh, Mother of Parliaments," sighed Big Ben,
"What a very long time you have been asleep,
That you *still* put your faith in passing men!
Look up to me, and my counsel keep."
"The Swing of your Pendulum's all I see,
And that's an omen I've seen before."
"It's a sign of the Times, you'll admit," said he,
"And as Time goes on it will swing once more."

"Big Ben," said she, "you have faces four,
And Man is a double-faced thing at best,
Seek me a Valentine, I implore,
From the North or South, from the East or West."
"Through a fog I discern the Flowing Tide,
Which is well for some things, for others worse,
And the only thing I can see beside
Is a richly caparisoned fune al hearse!"

"For somebody's hopes that's Death; for me
It's Dissolution!" she gravely said;
"Who follows the corpse?" "No man I see
But a broken-down party without a head."
"In the Hour of Need p'raps another will sprout,
Yet that's scarcely the Valentine I should like."

. . . . . .

And Big Ben answered, "That's *your* look-out,
For when the Hour comes I shall *strike*."

"Is ut Shcotland, now, that'll be afther thridin' on the tail o' me coat"

(Ireland beat England, in the Rugby game at Cork, by 17 points to 3)

The Smouldering "Revolution" Breaks Out Afresh

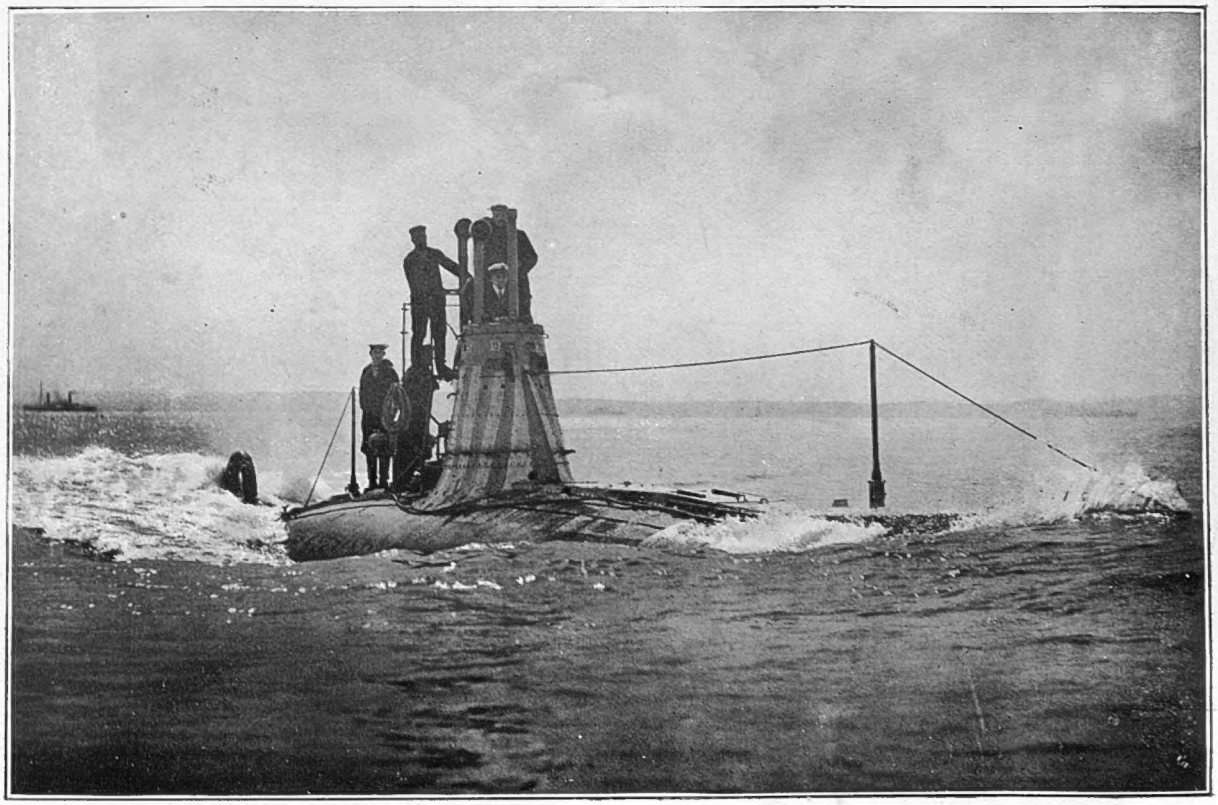
Our contemporary, *The Morning Leader*, is inciting the inhabitants of South London to sign a monster petition to bring the electric trams across the bridges, and to run them along the Victoria Embankment. The City Corporation, who object to this, seem to be perfectly wise in their objection. Tramways are an unmitigated nuisance to everybody else on the road, except to users of them, and, after all, they are not the only people entitled to consideration. Blackfriars Bridge, to take one example, blocked as it is at present with heavy traffic, would be quite impassable if tramcars came on the scene. But the strongest objection to the trams is that they are not really wanted now. Motor omnibuses will do the work as speedily and as cheaply. In fact, it is our belief in ten years' time the craze for electric trams will have been entirely superseded by the motor omnibus.

The late Grand Duke Sergius, who was assassinated in Moscow last week

At three o'clock last Friday afternoon the Grand Duke was driving in the direction of the Kremlin Palace when a bomb was thrown under his carriage, killing him instantly

* * *

All eyes are again turned to Russia by the assassination of the Grand Duke Sergius. He has been the most hated personage in Russia since M. De Plehve's death, and is said to have received many threatening letters of late. As is well known, he retired to the shelter of the Kremlin Palace when the strikes were in progress, having previously resigned the Governorship of Moscow. A policy of repression and force, such as Sergius adopted, always finds its retaliation in force. With one ill-adviser the less, it may be said that the Tsar is the gainer, though the course adopted in removing the Grand Duke Sergius is greatly to be regretted.



The submarine A5, in which one officer and three men were killed and fourteen men injured last week at Queenstown

The A5 is the last of a series of five submarines designed for the Admiralty in 1901. Eleven months ago, it will be remembered, the A1 was sunk in the Solent, and two officers and nine men were drowned. All honour to those officers and men who still volunteer for this dangerous service, undeterred by the fate which has attended their comrades

PEOPLE OF INTEREST

Mrs. Corrie

Mrs. Corrie is the widow of the late Mr. Vivian Corrie, who was killed in the Transvaal war, and was the son of the Welsh philanthropist. She is very musical, and will shortly appear on the operatic stage, where she is certain to have a successful début. Very fond of animals, her favourite pet is the little toy spaniel which she discovered one day running about the Imperial gardens at Peking. She purchased it from one of the attendants, paying for it the not insignificant sum of £75.

The New Earl of Kenmare

Viscount Castlerosse, who has just succeeded to the Earldom of Kenmare, is forty-four years of age. The new Earl was formerly a lieutenant in the 4th Battalion Worcestershire Regiment, and at the present time is Hon. Colonel 4th Battalion Royal Munster Fusiliers. In 1903 he was appointed Master of the Horse to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. He married, in 1887, the Hon. Elizabeth Baring, sister to the present Lord Revelstoke, and they have three sons and two daughters. The family seat at Killarney, one of the most picturesque country houses in the Kingdom, has been in the family since the days of the first baronet, Sir Valentine Browne, who received a confirmation by patent of the Killarney estates from James I., the grant including "The Lakes of Killarney, with all the islands of or in the same, and

Photo by *Lafayette*

Mrs. Corrie

Who will shortly make her début on the operatic stage

Photo by *Russell*

Lady Kenmare

Photo by *D'Arcy*

Lord Kenmare

THE NEW EARL AND COUNTESS OF KENMARE

The Sprint for Seats at the New Session

the fisheries of the said lakes, and the soil and bottom thereof." But, for loyalty to the ill-fated Stuarts, the estates were forfeited by the third baronet, and it was not until many years after that the estates were brought back into the family possession by the fifth holder of the title. It is a tradition of the family that the eldest son should be named Valentine, after the first baronet, Sir Valentine Browne, who died in 1633. Both the late Earl and the present Earl were so christened, and the latter has followed the family tradition by so naming his eldest son, who is now, of course, Viscount Castlerosse. The new Viscount is a boy of fourteen, and at present is undergoing his training as a naval cadet.

Photo by *Russell*

Captain R. Erskine Wemyss, R.N.

Appointed Commander of the new Naval College at Dartmouth

Parliamentary Sprinters

Unusual excitement prevailed this year among the little band of trained athletes whose custom it is to sprint to St. Stephen's in order to be first to take their seats for the opening of the Session. The championship is always keenly contested, but this year additional interest was lent to it by the combustible state of the political situation. This race is invested with the charm of uncertainty. The first man to reach the House does not always furnish the winner; so, when Mr. J. C. Macdona, last year's champion, arrived in good order at the House at 11 p.m. the night before, it was felt that the race was far from being won. So the sequel proved. Amid breathless excitement, Sir G. T. C. Bartley, whom proximity to St. Stephen's had probably lulled into a sense of false security, arrived with a batch at the doors of the House on the stroke of midnight. Privileged spectators only can describe the struggle in the last lap, which ended in the victory of Sir G. T. C. Bartley. It is believed that an objection lodged by Mr. Macdona, the runner-up, was settled against him. There but remains to be chronicled the fine form exhibited by the veteran ex-champion, Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence, the popular Member for Truro, now in his sixty-seventh year. Sir Edwin arrived at five minutes past twelve, and was well placed. Last year, it will be remembered, he was beaten by Mr. Macdona on the post.

Captain R. Erskine Wemyss, R.N.

Captain Rosslyn Erskine Wemyss, M.V.O., who has been appointed Commander of the new Britannia Royal Naval College, at Dartmouth, is eminently the right man for the post. His conspicuous success in organising the training in the Naval College at Osborne, of which he was made Commandant in 1903, marked him out as a favourite for the appointment, and for once the prophets were right. Captain Wemyss, who is forty-one years of age this year, entered the Navy in 1877, and

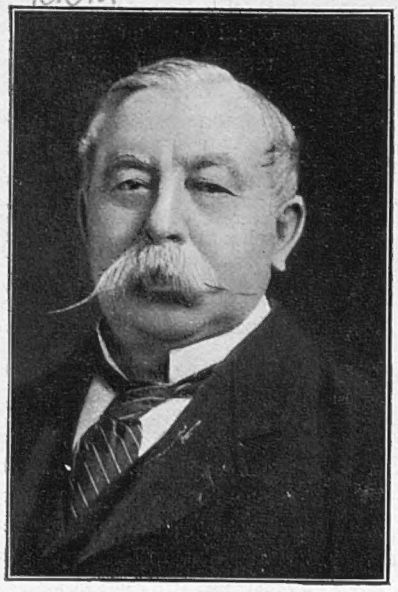


Photo by *Elliott and Fry*

Mr. J. C. Macdona

Member for Southwark (Rotherhithe), who won the championship last year

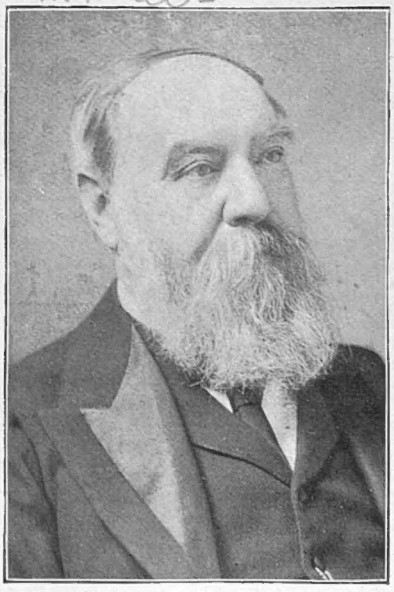


Photo by *Elliott and Fry*

Sir E. Durning-Lawrence

Member for Truro, who is generally well placed in the sprint for first seat at the opening of the new Session

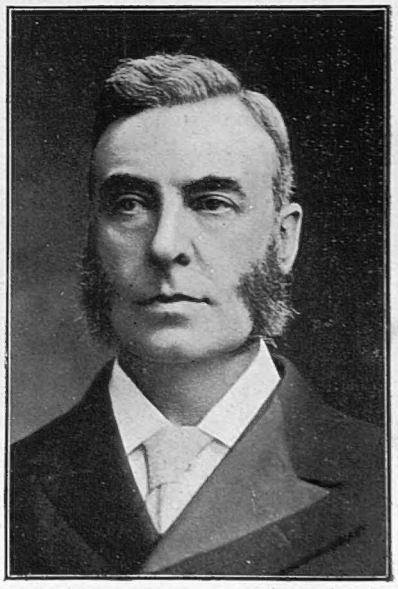


Photo by *Russell*

Sir G. C. T. Bartley

Member for North Islington, who was first to take his seat for the opening of the new Session

PARLIAMENTARY SPRINTERS: THE RACE TO TAKE THE FIRST SEAT FOR THE OPENING OF THE NEW SESSION

The Latest Royal Betrothal

was on board the *Britannia* with the Prince of Wales and the late Duke of Clarence, having joined in the same term. As a lieutenant, he served in the *Empress of India*, second flagship in the Channel. Towards the close of his service as lieutenant, he was appointed to the Royal yacht *Victoria and Albert*, and was promoted to be Commander in August, 1898. As Commander he served in the cruiser *Niobe*, then under the present Rear-Admiral Winsloe. When the latter was selected to command the *Ophir* for the Colonial tour of the Prince and Princess of Wales in 1901, Commander Wemyss was appointed Chief Executive Officer, and was promoted to be Captain. He was also appointed an Extra Equerry to the Prince of Wales, and was given the M.V.O. (fourth class). Captain Wemyss, who is irreverently called "Rosie Wemyss" by the youngsters in the Service, is very popular.

Graphic Photo

Photo by *Uhlenhuth*

The Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, Duke of Albany

Whose betrothal to Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein has just been announced

Betrothal of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha

The young Duke, whose engagement to Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, niece of the German Emperor, has just been announced, is the son of the late Duke of Albany, brother to King Edward. Until some four or five years ago he took the English title of Duke of Albany, but when his succession to the German Duchy of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha was announced (he was then at Eton) the Duke's guardians immediately proceeded to transform him into a German, and have apparently succeeded. The Duke, who is a lieutenant in a crack regiment of Prussian Foot Guards, and a close friend of the German Crown Prince, is seldom ever seen in England, save when he pays a short visit to his mother, the Dowager Duchess of Albany, at Claremont House, Esher. His fiancée is the eldest daughter of the sister of the German Empress, and she has just completed her nineteenth birthday. It is understood that the betrothal is purely a romantic one, the Duke having fallen in love with his fiancée during his student days at Bonn. Fortunately for both, the match had the immediate consent of the Kaiser and the Duke's guardians, and the formal announcement was made at the Court Ball, held at Berlin, last week.

A Lady Inspector

There have been few more fitting appointments than that of the Hon. Maude Lawrence to the post of Chief Woman Inspector under the Board of Education. Miss Lawrence is the only unmarried sister of Lord Lawrence, and was born while her father was Viceroy of India. He was also the Chairman of the very first School Board London ever possessed, and no doubt it was from him that his daughter derived her interest in educational matters. Miss Lawrence has already shown herself a capable and energetic Member of the London School Board, and will be quite equal to her present responsible position. She will direct a staff of women inspectors, whose special duties are to arrange about the education of girls and young women, the housing of young women in training schools, and the education of very small children.

The Marquis of Salisbury

Lord Salisbury, who carried His Majesty's Sword of State at the opening of Parliament, last week, is, in private life, a great friend of his cousin, Mr. Balfour. The Premier and he were at Olympia the other day, both being very interested in motors, and they enjoyed the Show greatly. Lord Salisbury is not at all unlike his brother, Lord Hugh Cecil, in personal appearance, though in character he has not that robust independence and indifference to the opinions of the B.P. which stamps Lord Hugh as a true son of his illustrious father.

A Lady Chief Inspector of Schools

Photo by *Elliott and Fry*

The Hon. Maude Lawrence

Who has just been appointed Chief Woman Inspector under the Board of Education

Photo by *Lafayette*

Miss Cecilia Loftus

Who, in defiance of her doctor's orders, left the hospital at Akron, Ohio, in order to join Sir Henry Irving's company, in which she is leading lady, at Toronto

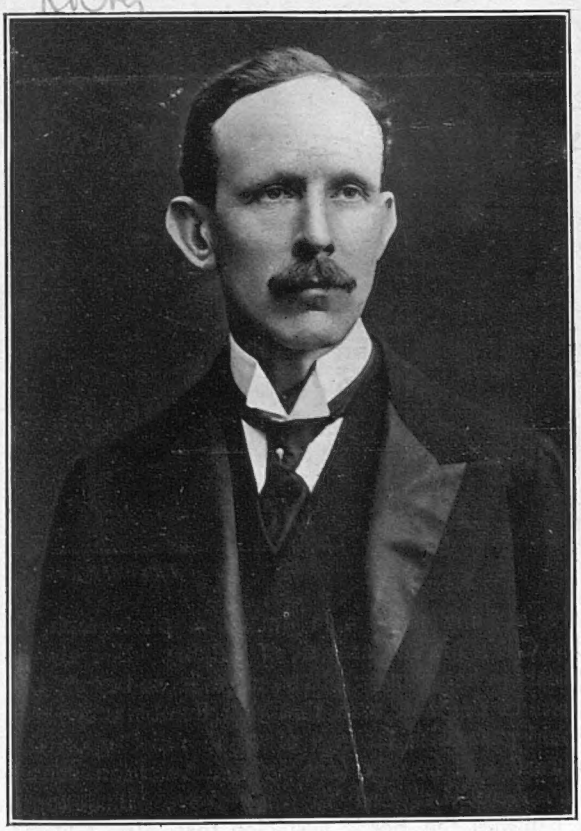


Photo by *Thomson*

The Marquis of Salisbury

Who carried the Sword of State in the procession at the opening of Parliament by the King

Photo by *Russell*

The Earl of Onslow

Minister of Agriculture, who has just been appointed Chairman of Committees to the House of Lords at a salary of £2,500 a year

"The Gibson Girl" at Home

Photo by *Ellis and Walery*

Miss Camille Clifford

America has sent us many beautiful women, but few have made such a lasting impression upon the susceptible hearts of the British nation as Miss Camille Clifford, the world-famed "Gibson Girl." Every evening, at the Vaudeville Theatre, Miss Clifford performs her famous "walk" for the edification of an admiring audience. Those who have not been privileged to see this dream of perambulation, have, at any rate, seen many a photograph of Miss Clifford in the attitude of walking. She always appears in her photographs so majestic, so beyond the sphere of the mere man, that that humble individual should gaze with feelings of some relief upon the informal and homely (not in the American sense) atmosphere breathed in the above illustration. It banishes the horrid suspicion that Miss Clifford does the Gibson "walk" across her own drawing-room, and has not acquired the habit of sitting down.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

They-who-must-be Obeyed

At this season of strife our hearts should go out in sympathy towards the Party Whips. The heat and burden of the day is theirs to bear. It is their business to see that Members of Parliament do not slip from between their fingers like eels; theirs it is to sweep away pretexts and excuses for absence, be they good, bad, or indifferent; theirs it is to do and die—and also find reasons why under no circumstances whatever can a Member be justified in disobeying that first of Parliamentary Commandments:—"Thou Shalt not Pair."

The Log of the "Luckless"

Dignity and the Baltic Fleet have long parted company. But it is impossible to follow its recent movements without feeling a good deal of pity. Its log might be written in this wise:

MONDAY.—In German waters. Lieutenant came out and requested us to move on. Followed us in gig till we were out of sight. Saw porpoises.

TUESDAY.—French waters. M. Le Commandant signalled us to leave. Tracked us in launch for day and a half. Shoal of sharks observed.

WEDNESDAY.—Portuguese waters. The Governor megaphoned to us to cut. Pursued us in canoe till wind got up. Flying-fish numerous.

And so on alternately. Even Admiral Togo will come as a relief in the end.

A Misplaced Dagger

Can the life of Japan be adequately represented on our stage? The joint-author of "Heart of Gold" has written to a critic, who took exception to one or two points in that play, to say that Viscount Hayashi, who witnessed the first performance, and congratulated the authors upon it, begged to be allowed to make only one criticism, viz., that O'Hana San wore her dagger in the wrong place. But, then, it must be remembered, that Viscount Hayashi is a diplomatist.

And a Pair of Goloshes

It seems to us that it must always seem strange to a foreigner to see a play of his own country acted elsewhere. No doubt we can get nearer to foreign costume and manner than did the Baboo who—up country in India—acted a young English lord, supposed to be at his club, in a frock coat, pyjamas, and a felt hat. The Englishman, in whose honour this character play was enacted, suggested that a pair of goloshes would complete the make-up. But then, the play's the thing

Photo by *Bolak*

Model of the monument to be erected in Calcutta to commemorate the reign of Queen Victoria

The model has been designed by the eminent architect, Sir William Emerson, and has just been completed in London by Mr. William Salter, a young model-maker, about 22 years old. It is interesting to mention that this is perhaps the most elaborate model which has ever been made. It will be used by the architects during the erection of the actual memorial, and is composed of about 10,000 different parts, the scale being ½ in. to 1 ft. The monument will be about 220 ft. high, and built entirely of white marble. Sir William Emerson was received at Buckingham Palace, on February 13, by the King, who inspected the model, and expressed his approval of the design

Photo by *Tresca*

The Exhibition of Flying Machines in the Machinery Hall, Paris: M. Gellit's Aeroplane

This exhibition, organised by the Aero Club, Paris, has been the means of bringing forward some remarkable attempts on the part of inventors to conquer the air. The aeroplane in the above illustration, called "Le Gelitas," does not possess the customary motor, but it is modelled like a bird, and relies for its motive power on wings. Any contrivance on the "heavier-than-air" principle is a step in the right direction, and when our model bird has been supplied with something to take the place of the buoyancy and instinctive knowledge of the laws of flight possessed by its prototype, the flying machine may be said to have come to fly

No. I.

Imaginary Diaries THE TARIFF REFORMER'S.

Jan.—The hen hatches out in three weeks. We held seventieth sitting to-day. How long? Investigated the rat-catching industry. Dying out of course. Witnesses unanimous. No demand for English rats. *Feb.*—Eighty-first sitting. Gone this month—bacon, cheese, boot-laces, and acid drops. Will the English never wake to their danger? If not, no chance of peerage. Chimney sweeps to-day. Foreign inventions taking bread out of their mouths. No soot left soon, which means no antidote for slugs in flower beds, no British roses. How does J.C. keep so happy?

Trials of the L.C.C. Has any body of men so many worries, we wonder, as have our London County Councillors? Whatever they want to do, is wrong; and whatever they don't want to do, but are willing to do, if pressed, is still more mischievous. Take the case of the Strand improvements, for example. The L.C.C. devises a glorious scheme, which shall cost the ratepayer nothing, give him elbow-room and breathing-space, and altogether be one of the finest schemes ever devised. Down upon the exulting Councillors come all our leading Artists, pointing out, as to children, that the scheme is monstrous, Philistine, impossible. Why not, say the Artists, accept the offer for the Paris-in-Strand buildings; which will at least be low, in an architectural sense?

The Guileless Strand "Why not?" say the Councillors, cheering up again. "We don't mind what we do, really. Paris in London sounds a very cheerful plan, and is calculated to improve the *entente cordiale*. Why not, indeed?" Instantly all the teetotalers in the Metropolis hold indignation meetings, denouncing the quite incredible proposal for establishing in the heart of that guileless and sequestered road—the Strand—"an abode of gilded immorality." If the Parisian managers had undertaken to sell ginger-ale only—well, the L.C.C. might perhaps have been allowed to accept the proposal.

Shakespeare Query Or take the case of the Shakespeare Memorial. After much menace from the Baconians, the L.C.C. decides to grant a site. Reluctantly, because there are so many poets, and so little room. Another cabstand—the L.C.C. probably thinks—would be more useful. Still, they grant a site. And now they live in fear and trembling as to what shape the Memorial will take, and whether they will be called upon to decide whether the inscription upon it shall be simply Shakespeare, or "Shakespeare?" MINIMUS.

Notes on Progressive Whist

BY OUR MISOGYNIST

Progressive Whist is played with a pack of fifty-two cards by a pack of stupids.

It is usual to declare hearts trumps. This is to avoid disputes; the ladies like diamonds, and the gentlemen, clubs. The reason why ladies seldom seem to have any trumps is, that they are mostly heartless creatures. Progressive Whist invariably provides some moving scenes.

In Progressive Whist you do not gamble at the tables, you only amble between them. If you make a slam you may justifiably gambol.

If there is any dispute over the play, cast Hoyle on the troubled waters.

If you feel hot, tell a lady player she ought to take lessons before her next party; a coolness will at once ensue.

If, on the other hand, you feel cold, tender the same advice to a gentleman player; he will immediately reply with warmth.

If you have a bad hand, ask your hostess to lend you a manicure-set.

Do not be too proud to take a trick second-hand.

If your opponent has a good suit, ask him for the address of his tailor.

A nod's as good as a wink to a bad partner.

The cards should be well shuffled; but you need not shuffle your feet.

If your best suit is trumped, it is, to say the least of it, ruff.

Save up your prize till you give a Progressive Whist party yourself. It might come in useful.

If you do, take care not to invite anyone who might recognise it.

CORRECTED PROVERBS—No. VII.

"YOU CAN TAKE A HORSE TO THE MOTOR, BUT ———"

FROM ABROAD

Health and Hygiene in Paris

Since the famous "Healtheries" Exhibition, held some years ago, exhibitions of that kind have not been frequent in London. Yet, happily, every year sees more attention paid to hygiene, cooking, and the many arts which belong to domestic life, and render it, in these overcrowded days, such an increasingly important factor to the welfare of the nation. In Paris, at the present moment, a Social Economy Exhibition, under the auspices of *Le Journal*, has opened its door. Health, hygiene, foods, the care of infants, and even the housing problem, have been taken in hand by the organisers, and it speaks well for the intelligence of the French artisan that his class has visited the exhibition more largely than any other class of the community. As many as thirty-thousand of what Paris calls her *petite bourgeoisie* were in the building at one time on the first Sunday, while many thousands were waiting for admission. Our photograph of the model workman's dwelling is particularly interesting, since in England, while the necessary powers for building such dwellings are easily obtained, much divergence of opinion seems to exist with regard to the house and its cost. The house shown at the Exhibition is built of stone, and has a covered balcony, where meals could be taken in the summer. Every house has a bathroom, storage cellars beneath, is decorated in an artistic manner throughout, while special regard is paid to light and ventilation. These houses cost £224 each to build, and let at five shillings a week bring in a return approximating 5 per cent. Gardens, thirteen yards square, are provided, in which it is estimated that enough vegetables may be grown to last an average family for one year. The most serious problem taken up by the Exhibition authorities is that of the nutrition of infants, which is tackled with the characteristic French boldness in these matters. Two of our photographs show the exhibition stall, in which statistics touching this subject of the gravest importance are given due prominence. For the rest, the Exhibition is one of absorbing interest, and cannot but exercise the most beneficent influence upon the thousands who are drawn to see it.

Photo by *Tresca*

The Palais de la Femme: General view of the Social and Domestic Economy Exhibition, at Paris, organised by "Le Journal," to which thousands of people are flocking daily

In the foreground is the stone-built model dwelling for artisans, erected at a cost of £224. For dwellings of this type, and a garden, thirteen yards square, 5*s.* a week is charged

Interior view of an Exhibition stall, illustrating the educational side of the Parisian crêche

Here statistics, which bear upon every question connected with the rearing of children, are gathered. It is impossible to over-estimate the importance of this work

Photos by] **A workwoman buying milk at a crêche** [*Tresca*

While insisting as much as possible upon the natural rearing of children, the crêches also supply milk, which, needless to say, is of the best quality

MODEL EXHIBITS AT THE "PALAIS DE LA FEMME," THE NEW "EXPOSITION" IN PARIS

THE NORTHERN GAMES AT STOCKHOLM

SKATING, SKI-ING, ICE-YACHTING, SAILING, HOCKEY, CURLING

Miss Muriel Harrison
1st figure skating

ILLUMINATIONS, BALLOON ASCENTS, GALA OPERA, Etc.

Though it cannot in any way be supposed that the Northern games, which have just been held this year at Stockholm, will take the place in modern times of the old Olympic games, yet there is no reason why they should not be a very popular and attractive feature in the world of sport. It has been decided to hold these games every alternate year in different cities in the North of Europe, where the climate is suitable, and where there are the necessary advantages for skating, ski-ing, tobogganing, ice yachting, and other ice sports.

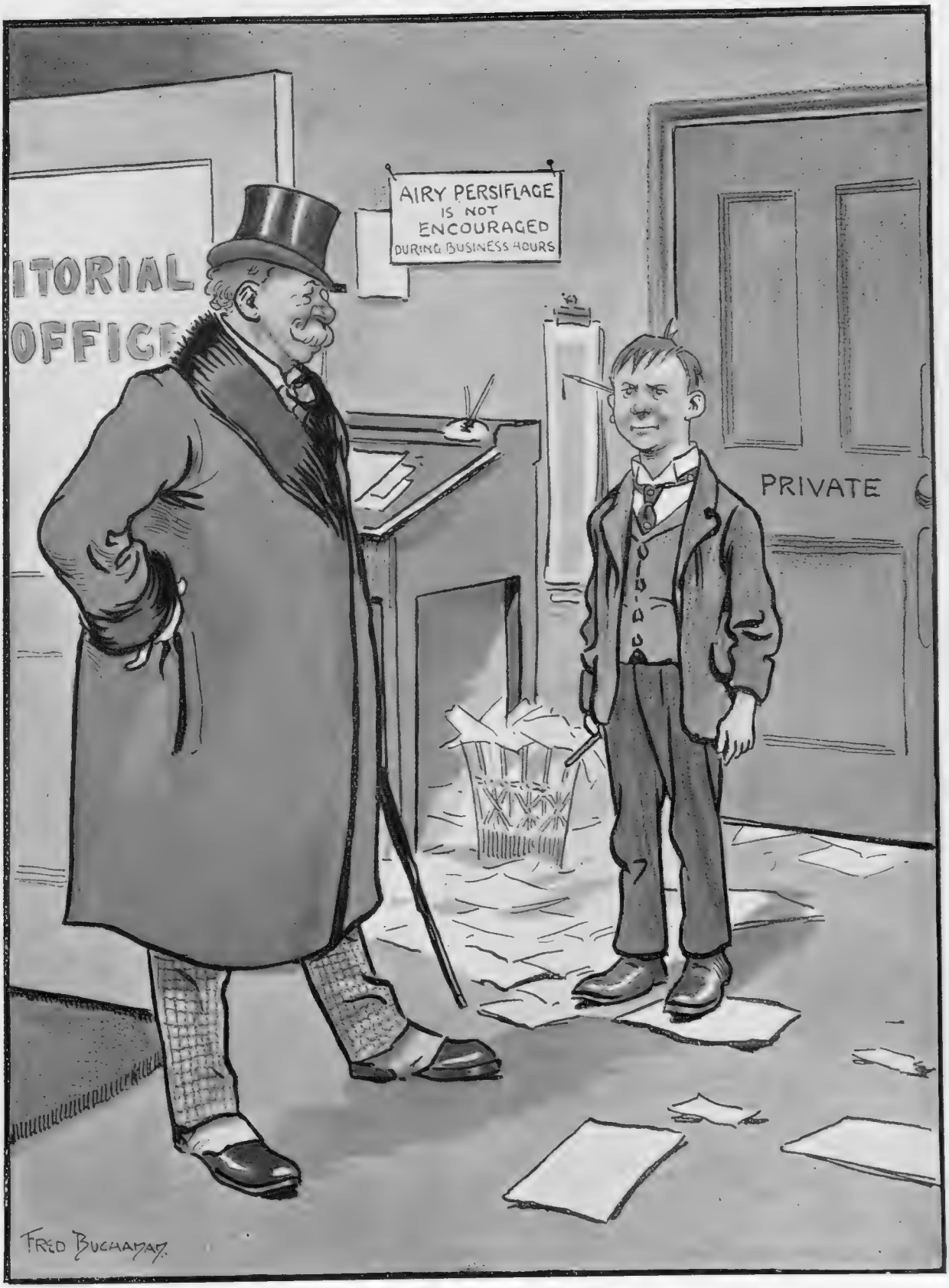
The proceedings on the first day of the games (February 4) consisted of hockey matches and curling contests, the European Speed Skating Championship finishing up with all kinds of water sports in the evening. The next day there took place the World's Championship in Figure Skating, which was won by Ulrik Salchow, of Stockholm, whose portrait we give. There were also ice-yachting contests, while the day finished up with an illuminated fête in the evening—a most picturesque sight in the keen, clear, frosty air of a typical winter's night. The rest of the week included such contests as horse racing and fencing on Monday, and long-distance ski-driving and jumping on Tuesday. On Wednesday there took place the competition in despatch carrying on skis, a method, by the way, of carrying despatches which has just been introduced by the Japanese Army in Manchuria. Later in the week there were balloon ascents, and the military sports, which included despatch carrying on foot, on horseback, on ski, and on "sparkstötting"—small sledges propelled with one foot—and on skates.

Typical Scene on the Ice: Skating with sails, etc.

Max Bohatsch, of Vienna
1st (with sister) in pair figure skating; 2nd World's Championship figure skating

This year, besides these purely winter sports, there were swimming and water polo matches held in the Stockholm Central Baths, horse-racing, and ballooning, while there were also gala performances at the Royal Opera, which included gymnastics, national dances, songs, and *tableaux vivants*. The programme of events was excellently managed, being mainly in the hands of some of the most prominent sportsmen of Scandinavia. The Crown Prince of Sweden, on whom has lately devolved the responsibilities of Government owing to his father's illness, has also taken a great interest in the Northern games.

Ulrik Salchow, of Stockholm
Winner of World's Championship for 1905 in figure skating; for the fifth time champion



A DELICATE DISTINCTION

CALLER: "Boy, is the Editor in?"

NEW BOY: "Yussir. Are you a contributor or a genelman?"

POINTS FROM THE PLAYHOUSES

"Mollentrave on Women" at the St. James's; "A Case of Arson" at the Royalty

ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

Miss Marion Terry
(Lady Claude Derenham)

At St. James's Theatre

Mr. Eric Lewis is an actor who seems to number legerdemain among his many accomplishments. A graceful sweep of his hands, and "hey, presto!" boredom vanishes—another, and he produces laughter from the least likely source. His performance in *Mollentrave on Women*, Mr. Alfred Sutro's new play, is one long course of conjuring. An amusing central figure is this Mollentrave, who knows the psychology of woman as other men know the state of the market. Occasionally, however, the banality of his associates almost suffices to check the flow of his spirits. On these occasions, Mr. Eric Lewis resorts to legerdemain. By every conceivable art, known to this magician of the stage, he attempts to create the illusion that the play is much more sprightly and mirth-provoking than it actually is Mr. Lewis is the play: here is his log.

Act I.—An amusing misunderstanding. Mollentrave, the meddler, brings about engagement between the gushing Margaret and her middle-aged guardian, Sir Joseph, who thinks her a little idiot. Margaret (figuratively) in heaven, Sir Joseph and his nephew, young Everard (in love with Margaret)—elsewhere.

Act II.—The fun flags. Mollentrave schemes a union between his daughter, Lady Claude (a widow), and a brainless peer, Lord Contareen. Sir Joseph recalls to the memory of Lady Claude, the days when they were young man and maiden.

Miss Lettice Fairfax
(Margaret Messilent)

Act III.—Things look up. The original plot in Act I. is steered into the welcome domain of farce. Under Mollentrave's advice, Sir Joseph assumes the ailments of age, in order to disillusionise Margaret's dream of young love; Lady Claude told off to dally with the youthful affections of Everard. The plot works. The young people discover their love for each other, and the two elders likewise. Mollentrave rightfully claims the credit for the first understanding, and, with charming effrontery, declares the *rapprochement* between the elders due to his own machinations, in spite of his promises to the luckless Lord Contareen.

This artless comedy commences and ends well, but there are arid stretches between whiles, enlivened now and again by lines so unexpectedly witty that they seem to rise up and slap the audience to laughter.

Mr. Eric Lewis
(Mr. Mollentrave)

The weakness of the piece is due to the vapidity of at least three of the principal characters—Sir Joseph, Everard, and Lady Claude. Responsibility for the lack of interest in Everard and Lady Claude rests with the playwright, for Mr. Leslie Faber and Miss Marion Terry did all that was possible with these rôles. As Sir Joseph, Mr. Norman McKinnel was not at all happy. Allowing for first-night nervousness, he made no attempt to invest the character with the mantle of comedy. His general mournfulness acted as a damper on the play.

At the Royalty Theatre

The point of view is nearly everything in life. I was discussing the bill at the Royalty Theatre with a playgoing acquaintance, and suggested, with no *arrière pensée*, that it gave a great chance to late-comers, who thought more of dinner than of drama, for, instead of missing a one-act piece to see a two-act piece, they were enabled to reverse the positions.

My acquaintance, taking a serious view of this remark, begged leave to dissent from it with all the cordiality of which he was capable. "On the present basis of theatre charges," quoth he, "it is a little hard to expect the public to pay in full for an entertainment which lasts but an hour." "Better an hour's genuine diversion than three hours' boredom," I argued. "What's the matter with three hours' genuine entertainment?" enquired my friend, and the honours of the discussion remained with him.

This little argument is indirectly rather unkind to Mr. Sydney Grundy's latest effort in adaptation, but it is surely time that that pale wraith of the sixties, *La Poudre aux Yeux*,

Mr. Norman M Kinnel
(Sir Joseph Balsted)

was laid for ever. In English garb the play can only be classified as a farce with a moral, a species so incongruous as to be pathetic. But much may be forgiven a theatre bill which includes Mr. Henri de Vries in a play adapted to set off his remarkable talent.

The notion of an actor appearing in seven parts is apt to offer points of comparison with protean entertainers on the Halls. Without depreciating the cleverness of a lightning change artist, it may be stated that the changes of costume effected by Mr. De Vries are a minor consideration. It is not his change of costume which compels our admiration, but his change of character. It used to be a rhodomontade of criticism, when a player distinguished himself in a many-sided rôle, to say that he ran the gamut of the emotions. Mr. De Vries performs this difficult feat, if ever a man did.

Where Shall We Go To-night?

"The Bystander" Theatre Guide

His Majesty's Theatre: *Much Ado About Nothing.*—Plays much closer than at first. Tree's Benedick improves with time. Miss Tree as Hero.

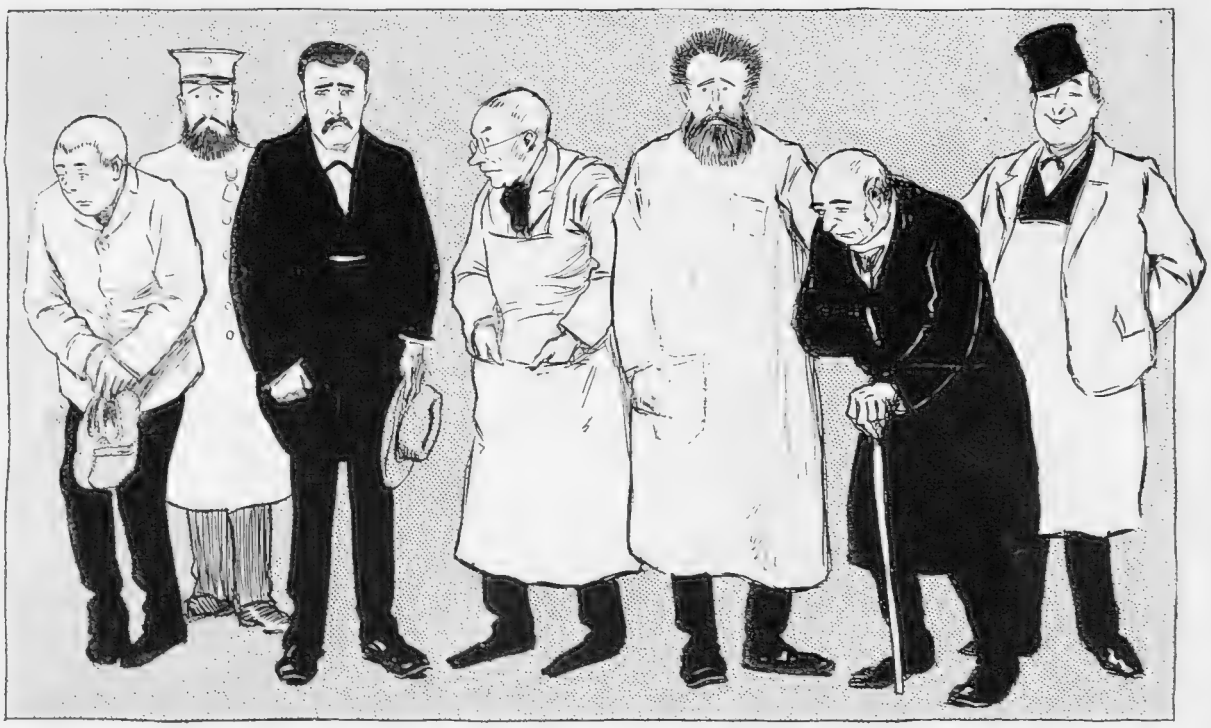
Imperial Theatre, 8.15: *King Henry V.*—Mollison's Pistol a masterpiece of humour. Stirring all-round production.

Adelphi Theatre, 8.20: *The Taming of the Shrew.*—An uproarious show, but Shakespearean students need have no qualms.

Haymarket Theatre, 9: *Beauty and the Barge.*—I've seen it twice. How many times have you?

Criterion Theatre, 9: *Freedom of Suzanne.*—Marie Tempest returns to the cast to relate her adventures of an evening in her own inimitable manner.

New Theatre, 8.15: *The Scarlet Pimpernel.*—"The long arm of coincidence," pretty clothes, French fugitives, and general melodramatic excitement.



Mr. Henry de Vries, in his remarkable series of impersonations in "The Case of Arson," at the Royalty Theatre

The above seven witnesses in *The Case of Arson*, all played by Mr. Henry de Vries, are (left to right): Ansing Arend (half-witted), a police sergeant, John Arend (the owner of the cigar manufactory), a comic grocer, a surly house-painter, John Arend's doting father-in-law, and a comic innkeeper

He appears first as the half-witted Ansing Arend, a cowering, pathetic creature, with tears in his voice as he speaks of the burned child; then as his brother, the stalwart cigar manufacturer; and there is something furtive in his manner of answering the questions put to him by the keen-witted magistrate. Now he touches the springs of comedy as a cheery innkeeper, as a garrulous grocer, as a sulky house-painter—once more he is the demented Ansing Arend; finally the manufacturer, confessing, in a scene of great power, his blood-guiltiness of the crime with which he is charged.

Each impersonation of this group of characters is an individual success. The combination of them is a remarkable performance. The greatest assistance in the development of this terse little piece was afforded by Mr. Henry Vibart. To breathe such life as he does into this official, who might be so colourless, is evidence of the greatest skill. E. C. S.

Garrick Theatre, 8.30: *Walls of Jericho.*—More effects among the Smart Set than Revivalism. Bourchier getting letters from Bishops by every post.

Duke of York's Theatre, 2.30 and 8.30.—Peter Pan still piping.

Apollo Theatre, 8.15: *Veronique.*—The acknowledged Queen of present musical productions.

Great Queen Street Theatre.—Always worth a visit.

Strand Theatre, 8: *Sergeant Brue.*—Still on the beat.

Vaudeville Theatre, 8.15: *Catch of the Season.*—Seymour Hicks sets the pace. Camille Clifford does the "Gibson walk."

Prince of Wales' Theatre, 8.15; *Lady Madcap*—G. P. Huntley has become a cult.

Lyric Theatre, 8.15: *The Talk of the Town.*—The old Savoy Company in a musical go-as-you-please.

Gaiety Theatre, 8: *The Orchids.*—First edition sold out: second going strong.

Daly's Theatre, 8.15: *The Cingalee.*—A Daly Success. Go and see it again

Mr. F. R. BENSON'S SHAKESPEAREAN SEASON

"KING LEAR" AND THE ORESTEAN TRILOGY AT THE CORONET THEATRE

King Lear (Mr. F. R. Benson) casts off Cordelia

"Let it be so—thy truth, then, be thy dower:
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun,
The mysteries of Hecate, and the night;
By all the operation of the orbs
From whom we do exist, and cease to be;
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me,
Hold thee, from this, for ever."

Photos by *Ellis and Walery*

The Orestean Trilogy: Clytemnestra and Chorus

"All is avowed, and as I smote I stand"

THE LOGIC OF CHILDHOOD

"Mummy, teacher says, if I honour my fathe. and my mother, my days will be long in the land.'
"Well, dearie?"
"I do honour my father and my mother, yet I still have to go to bed at six o'clock.''

DRAWN BY HILDA COWHAM

CONCERNING MR. JUSTICE DARLING

(NO. 64 OF THE SERIES)

On reasonably fine evenings you may often meet in the Strand, shortly after four o'clock, as you go Eastward, a gentleman something below the middle height, yet having about him an air that brings to mind, at the same time, Rhadamanthus and the Great Panjandrum Himself: the look, in fact, that distinguishes from common men, as by a signet stamped upon the brow, His Majesty's Judges of the High Court. His hair is grizzled decoratively, his face is lean and brown. If you are so fortunate as to know nothing about the inside of the Law Courts, you wonder who the gentleman may be; for his demeanour assures you that, should you adopt the plan of Theodore Hook, and approach him with the enquiry, "Excuse me, sir, but are you anybody in particular?" the reply would be in the affirmative.

A dispenser of wit and justice

This gentleman is Sir Charles John Darling, Knight, for the past seven years, or thereabouts, a Judge of the King's Bench Division. The making a Judge of him was one of the most interesting things the present Administration ever did. Opinion was divided as to the propriety of the appointment: the Lord Chancellor taking one view, the rest of the world loudly professing the other. Mr. Justice Darling had not been long upon the Bench before he was accorded the enviable distinction of a *Punch* coat-of-arms, one quarter of which displayed, if we remember right, "several old hands barry passed over rampant."

Very uncharitable things, to which we revert merely for the sake of illustrating the possibilities of human malice and envy, were said. It was, in fact, openly hinted that the services rendered to his Party by Mr. Charles Darling, Q.C., as Member of Parliament for Deptford, had something to do with the case. Had the new Judge been in the saddle a little longer when this disgraceful insinuation was made, its authors would, no doubt, have met with a suitable punishment; for Mr. Justice Darling has, since his appointment, found it necessary to check very severely the license used by the Press in discussing his own judicial character.

When we speak of his being "in the saddle," we employ a metaphor not altogether out of keeping. Darling, J., is one of the hunting Judges. He is believed to be the only painting Judge. Unfortunately, he does not exhibit; but his membership of the Burlington Fine Arts club is no merely nominal adherence, and it is understood that his "Sleeping Juryman," his "Impression of a Witness after Lunch," and his "Study of Mr. Danckwerts in Repose," take very high rank among modern works of art.

The productions of his pen, or some of them, have not been withheld from the admiration of the world. *Scintillæ Juris*, *Seria Ludo*, and *Meditations in the Tea-Room* have long been familiar to every bookseller. Of his unpublished writings, *Shall I Slay My Brother Bigham?* and a collection of the author's own observations from the Bench, entitled *Loud Laughter*, are considered by those who have enjoyed the privilege of reading them to be the finest.

Like so many of those whom the world looks upon as wholly given over to gaiety and the frolic spirit, he has his serious side.

OUR SHORT STORY

THE EMERALD PENDANT

By F. STEWART

She was not mercenary, but she could not conceal from herself—and she tried very hard—that nothing in her engagement gave her so much pleasure as her engagement ring. It was a band of magnificent emeralds and brilliants. She had lately developed a passion for stones. She loved them all, from innocent turquoises and sad pearls to gorgeous rubies and mysterious opals; but emeralds she loved best of all, and George Greye, having noted the taste, gratified it. Nevertheless, he wondered as he gave. All women love stones, he knew, but this passion, trenching on rapacity, startled him. He had seen that hunger of possession in the eyes of women as far removed from his fair Eve as the gutter from the stars. Still, it was pleasant to watch her playing with the pretty things; kissing them; tossing them from hand to hand; watching the diamonds flash and the light glow in the emeralds. He was horribly ashamed that he had once entertained a suspicion that she valued them for their intrinsic worth. He had given her an amethyst as an experiment. Its value was insignificant, but her eyes lit up in the old-familiar fashion. "Was there ever such a purple," she had asked him, "deep as a pansy petal, and yet with a glow behind it. It must be the very best of its kind," she had added. He had been a little disappointed. The commercial ending of her phrase somewhat nullified the artistic comprehension of its commencement. Still, it was the best of its kind, and Greye had a weakness for people born with the gift of selection. Neither had he ever understood why innocence and stupidity should be considered synonymous terms. It was curious to find this taste in an unsophisticated maiden, the daughter of a country rector. His curiosity was so stimulated that he mentioned the idiosyncrasy to her father. For a moment a look of acute annoyance flashed across the old man's face; then he laughed off the question with a common-place, and Greye thought no more about it. Her youth, her innocence, her exquisite beauty, filled him with delight. It was of the dainty, delicate order; her clear eyes were as unshadowed as a child's. He had lived his life, and not the least of Eve's attractions was her extreme unlikeness to the women he had known hitherto.

"I wonder how you dear saints of women put up with us men," he said to her one June evening. "Have you any sins, my beautiful? You can't be as good as you look."

He had been dining at the Rectory, and now they were sitting in the garden among the roses, listening to the nightingales. A wide stretch of lovely unkempt lawn lay before them. In the west the sombre sky was still rosy. A bed of tobacco-flowers gleamed white in the shadows.

"No woman is what she gives the impression of being," answered Eve, in her pretty soft voice. "We couldn't help acting if we tried."

"Acting!" he exclaimed.

"Acting," she echoed. "All women have a good dash of make-believe in them, and the woman who doesn't want to be attractive is not a woman at all."

"Always give me the truth at any cost," he said sturdily.

"The truth," she faltered, "I . . . I . . ." Her voice broke, and she began to cry. "You'd never understand."

Startled and shocked, Greye slipped his arm round her. "Dear heart, what is it?" he asked. He kissed, apologised, questioned.

"Nothing, nothing." She twisted herself out of his arms and turned towards the house. "I am overtired, hysterical—isn't that the word. No, don't come back with me I want to be alone. But remember . . . ah! remember in the days to come that if I am not as good as you think me now, neither shall I be as bad as you will think me then."

"Darling, what do you mean?" he gasped. But Eve's white dress was already vanishing in the distance, and he was alone He hesitated for a moment, uncertain whether to follow her or not, and finally decided in the negative

. . . . . .

They were married in October, and went to Paris for their honeymoon. Eve had lived her twenty years of life in the country, with the exception of a week spent yearly in London under the care of an aged aunt, who regarded afternoon concerts and entertainments and curates as objects of adoration. She was accustomed to seeing people clothed, not dressed, with a supplement of adornment on Sunday. The difference startled her, but she showed no desire to achieve like results. Greye was a little disappointed. He loved her unsophisticated air; on the other hand, he detested unsophisticated frocks. The cut, or rather its absence, in the appalling garments that furnished her trousseau, filled him with dismay. He was immensely in love with her, but he could not help feeling that Paquin or Doucet, or even minor stars, might improve her appearance.

But Eve was not interested in chiffons. On the

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other hand, her interest in stones developed every day. Greye was generous, and rarely resented demands on his purse; he also prided himself on never being surprised, but after he had spent 8,000 francs on jewellery on two consecutive mornings he confessed to feeling a trifle startled. Another thing worried him. Eve had assumed a curious attitude. She gave the impression of always looking for some one. Her eager eyes travelled up and down the streets; scanned the occupants of every motor-car; she had once started forward with an exclamation of delight and had stepped back with a sigh of disappointment But she strenuously denied knowing anyone in Paris.

"I don't care about clothes," said Eve one morning, in rather a sharp voice. They were passing Paquin, and Greye had been endeavouring to persuade her that she was missing a good chance. "Are you ashamed of me?" she added resentfully. Her husband regarded her with eyes that gave the lie to the reassuring words he spoke. In truth, her beauty was so exquisite as to triumph over her apparel, and she stood loveliness incarnate where a plainer woman would have looked appalling. And yet the pity of it. Greye was very much in love, but as he vehemently disclaimed all thought of disparagement, his eyes grew more and more dissatisfied. The home-made, dowdy cut of her clothes was intensified by the mass of glittering jewels she wore. They depended in a long chain from her neck; flashed in her ears, and in the buckle at her waist; her hands were so heavily beringed that she was obliged to go gloveless. People stared and smiled at the lovely woman so curiously adorned.

George noticed it, and his irritation grew "Are you not getting a little tired of the shops, dearest?" he asked, trying to keep an impatient note out of his voice. "Let's drive up to the Bois and get our *déjeuner* there, and then this afternoon we might go to St. Cloud. There's some good racing going on—but you'll have to take some of these baubles off. It wouldn't be safe," he added, with a laugh.

"Oh! I can't. . . . I can't," she answered pettishly, "I can't live without them, and I want to look at that emerald pendant at D'Aubigny's again."

Greye's face grew very dark. Unfortunately for his peace of mind, D'Aubigny's window at that time contained an adorable pendant. It was a magnificent emerald, from which depended a large pearl. It was cleverly set in brilliants of the purest water, which blazed round the gem in a fringe of white fire, enhancing its lovely colour. The price was 3,000 fr. Greye was very averse to denying his wife anything on her honeymoon, but he was beginning to feel that her demands on his purse were unreasonable. And Greye prided himself on being a reasonable man. He was feeling distinctly nervous regarding this particular pendant. It appeared to exercise an extraordinary fascination over his wife, and he was aware that sooner or later he would be called upon to buy it. Impossible. He decided that he would face the situation once and for all. "Have you always had this passion for jewellery?" he asked.

"Passion!" she echoed, "is that what it is called." Greye looked at her in amazement. The cupidity in her face was horrible. Her fingers, stiff with stones, were twitching. She looked like a Madonna possessed of a devil. They had just crossed the Place Vendôme. It was crowded with motor-cars and carriages. The sun blazed down on the great column turning its bronze to gold. There was a strong scent of violets in the air, rising from the purple, packed baskets of the flower-sellers. A woman brushed past with a great bunch of them tucked into her belt. She was dressed with the clever simplicity that deludes the uninitiated and masculine mind into the erroneous belief that the effect had been compassed by slender means. Greye noticed that she was not really pretty, and yet— The irritated expression on his face intensified. "Why haven't you got any gloves on?" he asked, shortly.

Eve smiled up at him. "Your generosity," she said gently. "Too many rings."

"Well, I am not going to be generous any more," he said, trying to speak genially.

Eve's face fell. "Come back to the hotel," he went on, "and change. Darling, you can't go about like this."

"Oh! George, do give it to me. You don't realise how I want it." Her shrill, excited voice rose.

"No, I really can't, my dearest." His tone was still kind, but his patience was waning.

"But, George——" She went no further. Something in his face checked her, and she contented herself with an impatient sigh.

Greye's reflections were sombre as they walked through the crowded streets. This monomania of his wife's threatened unpleasant developments in the future. When they arrived at the hotel, Eve said that she was too tired to go out again. George read temper for tired, and left her. He wanted to be alone to think. This horrible obsession must be combated—but how? Was it only a girl's fancy that might die as easily and swiftly as it had been born? Incipient insanity—kleptomania. The horrible titles floated through his mind to be instantly dismissed. After all, she was very young, and had led a starved sort of life, empty of all the things that women love. No frocks, no jewels, no gaieties. He remembered the delight that had danced in her eyes when he had given her his first offering. He had ascribed it to a girl's natural delight in a pretty trinket. Now he was puzzled, unwilling to face his suspicions, and yet unable to divest his mind of them. He wandered about unhappy and worried. He had been full of plans regarding their honeymoon. They would go on from Paris to the Riviera, and later, on to Rome. He had imagined seeing the old sights with her eyes; watching her interest; recatching some of the glamour which he once had known. Delights beloved and unforgotten would be his again. But now all was changed, and he could think of nothing but this curious and unsuspected trait in his wife's character. He walked and walked striving to solve the difficult problem—what to do. It was getting dusk when he turned homewards. The great trees in the Champs Elysées looked gigantic in the gloom; the lights twinkled in the Place de la Concorde, flashing on the fountains; the Pont glittered—a fairy bridge across the water. There had been a great review that day

(Continued on page 409)

ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT

SOME CELEBRATED AMATEUR ACTRESSES

Photo by *Barnett*

Countess Annesley, as "Queen Eleanor of Castile"

The part taken by the Countess in the tableaux of last season at His Majesty's Theatre

SUPPLEMENT TO THE BYSTANDER

SOME CELEBRATED AMATEUR ACTRESSES

Photo by *Alice Hughes*

Mrs. Willie James

Who so often entertains the King, and is included in the group of distinguished amateurs who take part in the Chatsworth theatricals. She is a very clever actress, her best part, perhaps, being "Polly Eccles" in *Caste*. Her latest performance was in *The Duke of Killiecrankie*, at the Gaiety Theatre, Dublin (February 9), in aid of Lady Dudley's Housing Scheme

SOME CELEBRATED AMATEUR ACTRESSES

Photo by *Lallie Charles*

Miss Muriel Wilson

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wilson, whose remarkable talent as an amateur actress has made her successful in every part she has undertaken. Miss Wilson is another of the Chatsworth group who played in the recent Dublin theatricals

SOME CELEBRATED AMATEUR ACTRESSES

Photo by *Lallie Charles*

Lady Dickson Poynder

Who is so good at organising amateur theatricals, in which she often takes part herself. At the tableaux given at the Imperial Theatre last summer, she appeared as "Jeanne d'Arc," in complete armour, decidedly one of the most successful pictures of the series

(Continued from page 404)

in honour of the King of Italy; a troop of Cuirassiers passed him trotting hard from Vincennes. The crowd was very thick, and he walked quickly along, not noticing the endeavours of a man just behind him to attract his attention. He had just reached his hotel when he turned and saw D'Aubigny. "And so Monsieur relented," he said brightly, "and Madame has her emerald pendant."

"What!" said Greye sharply.

"Ah! Monsieur does not know. Madame bought the pendant this afternoon."

"The devil she did," said Greye.

"Madame will look very charming," said D'Aubigny, with a propitiating smile. But he spoke to the air. Greye was striding into his hotel. He flattered himself he knew women, but he acknowledged himself puzzled. He thought of her in the Place Vendôme, with a shiver; he remembered her in the dusk of a June evening, with a sigh. "If I am not as good as you think me now, neither shall I be as bad as you will think me then." She had hinted at a mystery. Greye hurried up the stairs. He was going to be kind—very kind; he was also going to be firm—very firm. He had always heard that the two things were compatible. How would she meet him? Ashamed, tearful. Perhaps she would frighten him with a hint of the virago. It would certainly be preferable to the lachrymose attitude. He felt very brave until he was half-way up the stairs of his hotel, and then his courage began to diminish. He did so hate to appear mean. He had always understood that a husband on his honeymoon was supposed to possess a purse as bottomless as that of Fortunatus. It was the unnaturalness—so to speak—he so hated. And that suggestion of always looking for some one. Remembrance of a phrase she had once uttered struck him like a blow, "No woman is what she gives the impression of being. We couldn't help acting if we tried." Perhaps he had judged too much by appearances, agreeing with Mr. Tulliver, "That there ain't much else to go by."

He pushed the sitting room door slowly open, and was nearly blinded by a blaze of electric light.

His wife stood before the glass. She hadn't changed her dress, but she wore all her jewels, not excepting the humble amethyst, and she wore the emerald pendant round her neck. Greye dropped on to the chair nearest the door, and looked at her. She was talking to herself. "I am even with you," he heard her say.

"Even with who?" he gasped, although he knew only too well. Fool that he had been not to let her have her head. Now she regarded him as a miserly dupe.

"Ada Rosenheim," said Eve, with fascinated gaze still fixed on her coruscating reflection. "Oh! George, I simply couldn't help it when I heard she wanted it. And you will take me to the Opéra Comique to-night in order that she may see that I have got it. Her husband wouldn't give it to her . . . they had been quarrelling . . . D'Aubigny told me . . I asked him. Ah!

They were sitting in the garden among the roses, listening to the nightingales

the times that woman has boasted about her emeralds. I knew she would be after it . . . and you . . ."

"Who is Ada Rosenheim?" asked Greye, endeavouring to steady his whirling brain.

"She is . . . I mean to say was . . . an old friend of mine, and she married a rich man some time ago, and she has been crowing over me ever since because she had got a lot of jewellery he had given her and I hadn't got any. And I knew that she was in Paris, and I wanted her to see that I had some now. And I thought she . . ."

"Take some breath," said her husband, who felt rather deficient of the article himself.

"Now you're angry with me," she said. "It is all Ada Gordon's fault."

"You said Ada Rosenheim just now," said Greye firmly. He was going to be kind later on, but now, if ever, was the time to be firm.

"She wasn't born Rosenheim, was she?" snapped Eve, "any more than I was born Greye. Oh! George, you don't understand."

"I'm trying to," he said patiently. Time, he tried to remember, sometimes elucidated matters. A vision rose before him: tired daisies, dropped folded pink heads on a lovely, unkempt lawn; the west was still rosy; a bed of tobacco-flowers gleamed white in the shadows. A girl with the face of an angel sat beside him.

"Oh, heavens! How stupid men are. Can't you understand?"

"No," said Greye, "I can't. You must make allowances for my being a mere man."

Eve came across the room and put her arm round his neck "I do hope you won't be very angry and think me absolutely hateful," she said, speaking very quickly and nervously. "But George, it is such a mistake to put women on pedestals—they always tumble off. And she is such a cat, and rubbed it in with both hands about her having such a lot of jewellery and a husband, and my having neither." The tears rolled down her lovely face. "Cat!" she said again, and stamped.

"And it is she you have been looking for all this time?" asked George stupidly.

"Yes, and she is difficult to miss Hunting-complexion and square waist," said Eve spitefully.

"Don't . . . don't be so feminine," said Greye. "You never used to be."

"That was because I was on my pedestal," said Eve. "I'm off it now—for good," she added, with a sigh of relief.

"And you married me to even things up with your friend?" asked Greye.

"Partly," confessed Eve "You said you liked the truth at any cost—but I felt awfully bad about it all the time. . . I did . . indeed I did. It seemed like cheating a child. Just because my face was built on lines that give an impression. . It's a bit difficult to put into words, but, of course, I know that I am the innocent-look-nice-in-white-with-a-baby style, and you took it for granted that I was a sort of up-to-date St. Elizabeth. Sometimes I felt that I couldn't stick—I mean to say—stand it any longer. I told dad what I felt, to let off some of the steam. I knew he wouldn't tell you—he was so anxious to get me married." Eve having decided on the confidence trick, played it for all she was worth. "You see he hates men about the place, and people are so ill-natured. There was a fuss about a Captain Carruthers and a Mr. Stanly. They said I was engaged to both, and I wasn't. If I was engaged to anyone at that time it was Dr. Villiers—and he believed them and threw me over. Threw *me* over!" exclaimed Eve, with rising tone and temper, "and when he did that I felt I hated men so much that I threw the other two over."

"I thought you said that you were not engaged—to them," said Greye, in an ominous voice.

"Well, not exactly engaged," said Eve, getting a little pink. "How could I be engaged to two men at once? But John Villiers always had a nasty temper, although he was so good-looking," she added meditatively.

"Have you had many more—er—admirers?" asked Greye.

"Well, there was that young Clarke, and . . ." She stopped short. "Why should I tell you all about my past unless you tell me yours? Besides, it has nothing to do with the pendant."

"Oh! I don't think that's at all necessary," said George, in a great hurry. "As you say, it has nothing to do with the pendant." He stood up, and looked volcanic.

"Well, you needn't look as black as crape," said Eve, petulantly, "you would understand if you could only be a woman for five minutes."

"Heaven forbid!" ejaculated Greye.

"Let's kiss and be friends," suggested Eve, supplementing the invitation with a smile like a benediction.

Greye did as he was asked with moderate enthusiasm.

Eve began to cry. "You said you liked the truth at any cost," she sobbed, "and then you kiss me like that. I have never been kissed like that by a man in my life."

"Oh! there," said Greye, kissing her the other way. "It was only that I was a trifle stunned for the time. We have come to a clear understanding at last. You have been going about in this barbaric fashion, hoping to meet Madame Rosenheim—for reasons that if I were you I should keep private."

"Why?" asked Eve, "I've won."

"And I am to get seats for *Sappho* to-night at the Opéra Comique in order that she may see that you have bested her over the pendant," said Greye, not taking any notice. "I make only one condition. We leave Paris to-morrow."

"Certainly—after she has once seen," acquiesced Eve, "that I am as good as she. Do you know, George, I think that perhaps I wouldn't have bought it if D'Aubigny hadn't happened to mention that a Madame Rosenheim had been there, and was simply wild to get it. She wanted it to wear to-night. I am but human."

"Perhaps a little lower than the angels," conceded Greye, drily.

But he brought back the tickets and an emerald butterfly for her to wear in her yellow hair.

F. Stewart.

Books to Order this Week

GENERAL LITERATURE

"De Profundis." By the late Oscar Wilde. Ready to-morrow (Thursday). (Methuen: 5*s.* net.)

"Antarctica." By Dr. Otto Nordenskjold. The account of his two years among the ice of the South Pole. Illustrated. (Hurst and Blackett: 18*s.* net.)

"Auguste Rodin." By Camille Mauclair. Illustrated. (Duckworth: 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Winston Spencer Churchill." By A. MacCallum Scott. (Methuen and Co.: 6*s.*)

"Drawings of Sir Edward Burne-Jones." (George Newnes, Ltd.: 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)

NEW FICTION

"The Tempestuous Petticoat." By Robert Barr. Ready to-morrow (Thursday). (Methuen: 6*s.*)

"The One Who Saw." By Headon Hill. (Cassell: 6*s.*)

"Heirs of Reuben." By Chris Healy. (Chatto and Windus: 6*s.*)

"A New Paolo and Francesca." By Anne E. Holdsworth. (John Lane: 6*s.*)

"Stolen Waters." By Lucas Cleeve. (T. Fisher Unwin: 6*s.*)

The Latest Books

Winston Spencer Churchill
By A. MacCallum Scott
(*Methuen and Co.: 6s.*)

One's first impression upon receiving the biography of a young man of thirty, still alive, is a feeling of wonder where the present rage for book-making will stop. That impression vanishes gradually as one turns over the pages of Mr. Scott's book. It would vanish very quickly if the author had pitched his tune to a rather more critical and detached a key. He has done his work admirably on the whole, and neither criticism nor detachment are altogether wanting, but in tone the book reminds one too much of the ill-considered panegyrics of popular heroes and heroines in the military and literary and theological worlds, which have cast something of a slur over contemporary biography. With this reservation, our criticism ends. Mr. Scott has at least justified himself by the interest he has succeeded in conveying into the biography of Winston Churchill, and he has done more than make his biography interesting; he has shown that it was worth writing.

In the days of the giants a man of thirty would have been considered middle-aged. Pitt was Prime Minister at the age of twenty-three, and Charles James Fox, at the age which Mr. Churchill has now reached, had a long Parliamentary record behind him. But in these days it undoubtedly is remarkable that a man should have done so much as Winston Churchill has done at his age, for it is not as if he had trained himself in political study and debate in the Oxford and Cambridge Union, gone straight into Parliament on leaving the University, and then spent eight or nine years in perfecting his training and fitting himself to lead. Before he had entered Parliament he had seen more active service than falls to the lot of most soldiers in a lifetime, and he had written books which had aroused wide attention. And during the few years in which he has written M.P. after his name, he has fought his way into the very first rank of Parliamentarians, is execrated by the Party he has left, and is within measurable distance of leading the Party he has adopted. Surely these facts are sufficiently striking in a generation which is in the habit of regarding Mr. Asquith as a young man, and Mr. Chamberlain as anything but an old one.

The chief value of Mr. Scott's essay lies in the clearness with which he has shown that Winston Churchill's change of Party represents, not a turning of the coat, but a genuine development of political conviction. It will soon be as impossible to think of him as a Conservative, as to think of Mr. Gladstone as "the rising hope of the stern, unbending Tories," or of Lord Beaconsfield as a Radical. There will, no doubt, be many biographies of Winston Churchill in years to come, and one may be allowed to express the hope that none of them will be worse than this first one of Mr. A. MacCallum Scott's.

A New Paolo and Francesca
By Annie E. Holdsworth
(*John Lane: 6s.*)

It is a tragic story that is unfolded in these beautifully displayed chapters. Junice Catesby, whom we meet with first of all in her exquisite Florentine home, is a wild, high-spirited creature, very young and very unfit, one would say, for the responsibilities of marriage. Nevertheless, she is induced to make the last hours of her father easy by promising to marry her cousin, and her father's heir, Logan Catesby. So, after his death, she sails off in her yacht from Italy to Scotland, and meets at Marseilles, not Sir Logan, but his twin brother, Knight, with whom she falls incontinently in love, as he does with her. Arriving at Scaurletts, the old castle by the sea, Sir Logan imagines himself

to be in love with Junice, but really loves her cousin and companion, Heriot, although we are not told this until much later, and he has no suspicion of it himself. And Heriot loves him. Lady Elizabeth Catesby tries to put things right, but does not succeed, and dies to the strains of a phantom bagpipe, which, later on, carry off Knight Logan too, and also Junice. The story is commonplace in design, and by no means convincing in execution, but it is extremely well written, so well, indeed, that its artificiality is almost entirely concealed, and nine readers out of ten will probably lose sight of the fact that none of the tragedy arises out of the natural development of events, but only from the author's decision.

Stolen Waters
By Lucas Cleeve
(T. Fisher Unwin : 6s.)

The lady who writes under the name of Lucas Cleeve is steadily working up into a recognised place amongst contemporary novelists. We do not claim to have read everything she has written, but every book of hers that we have read is better than the last. There is a great deal to interest and to arouse thought in *Stolen Waters*, which is the story of a clergyman, popular and attractive, both because of his charm of manner and the apparent sincerity with which he delivers his message. Sincere he is in so far as he believes in what he preaches, but all the time he is under the influence of a secret vice, of which he finally purges himself in a somewhat melodramatic fashion, according to the formula set by "The Scarlet Letter." The story is worked out with great skill, and the character of the unhappy cleric is developed with considerable power and insight.

Drawings of Sir Edward Burne-Jones
(George Newnes, Ltd.; 7s. 6d. net)

This album, in quarto size, will be a cherished possession to those who admire the work of Burne-Jones, for it contains nearly fifty drawings and studies, beautifully reproduced, and the whole is got up in a most artistic form. The few pages of introduction, by Mr. T. Martin Wood, are valuable, for they contain a very careful and finely expressed appreciation of the master's methods, and serve to bring together and illuminate the examples that follow them.

Books to Appear Shortly

The literary lists this season are again attracting a goodly number of contributors from the peerage, one of the most interesting entrants being Jessica, Lady Sykes, who has written a novel, to which her relative, Lord Charles Beresford, has supplied what is described as "a characteristically 'breezy' introduction." Lady Sykes's book is entitled, *The Macdonnells*, and is a story of an Irish family settled in London during the fifties. Mr. Heinemann will publish it.

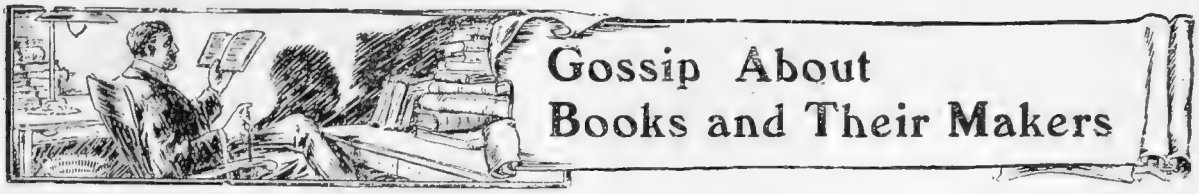
Mr. Murray's list fairly bristles with books by titled authors, from the "Correspondence of Queen Victoria" to a volume by the Hon. Edward Cadogan—sixth son of the Earl of Cadogan—who is still in his early twenties. Youth has not prevented the Hon. Edward Cadogan from attempting a serious historical work, for his forthcoming volume contains, under the title of *Makers of Modern History*, studies of Napoleon III., Cavour, and Bismarck. Mr. Murray also announces the personal reminiscences of the Hon. Frederick Leveson-Gower, and a book on *The Friends of England*, by the Hon. George Peel, who wrote a rather striking work on "The Enemies of England" about a year ago. The new book is described as "an enquiry into the cause which has produced the Empire, and regulates its cohesion, together with an estimate of the dangers which threaten it in the future."

This month, too, should see the completion of the long-continued *Diary* of Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff, the modern Evelyn, as he has, not inaptly, been named. Sir Mountstuart began his diary on New Year's Day in 1851, when he had just taken his degree at Oxford, and, with the two forthcoming volumes—the thirteenth and fourteenth of the series—he closes it on January 23, just half a century later, when, as a member of the Privy Council, he took the oath to King Edward VII. It is a most entertaining record, and, to the future historian of the Victorian Era, will prove invaluable.

Prince Kropotkin, who has been lying seriously ill in his quiet retreat at Bromley, in Kent, has a new book on Russian literature coming out with Messrs. Duckworth—a work which should prove of special interest at the present moment. To the man in the street Prince Kropotkin is known as the Russian aristocrat who sacrificed almost everything he possessed for his Socialistic principles, rather than as a man of letters, but he has, of course, written many books. It is more than forty years ago since he received the gold medal of the Russian Geographical Society, for his journey across Manchuria—a much more difficult journey then than it is to-day, with the great Siberian Railway stretching across the country. He is a Socialist in the large sense of the term, desiring to obtain for his fellow-countrymen what the present revolutionists are striving for—a greater measure of freedom than they have yet enjoyed. These views led to his imprisonment for nearly three years in the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul in St. Petersburg, but he managed to escape from the military hospital, and sought the more hospitable shores of England. It used to be said of Prince Kropotkin, that he had a right to say how Russia should be ruled, for by birth he had a title to the throne of Russia, while the Emperor Alexander II. was "only a German."

It is now an open secret that Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel, *The Marriage of William Ashe*, which Messrs. Smith Elder are to publish on March 9, is founded on the unfortunate marriage between the brilliant and erratic daughter of the Earl of Bessborough and William Lamb, afterwards the famous Lord Melbourne. Lady Caroline Lamb cut a pitiful figure in the literary history of the first half of last century, attaining more celebrity through her mad devotion to Lord Byron, in the days when the poet was the darling of Society, than through her various attempts at novel-writing. But she was an interesting, unaccountable personality, and, transferred to another generation, makes an excellent character study in Mrs. Humphry Ward's novel, which is now running its serial course through *Harper's Magazine*.

A new novel by Mr. Archibald Marshall, entitled *The House of Merrilees*, will be published on February 22 by Mr. Alston Rivers. Mr. Marshall has already attained a high measure of success with "Peter Binney, Undergraduate," which will be remembered as a singularly bright delineation of University life and character. *The House of Merrilees* is a more ambitious effort, possessing, it is understood, the distinction of combining with an exciting and original plot an admirable study of modern character. As is indicated by its title, the book relies on the strange history of a modern mansion for its most telling situations, and events of absorbing interest are evolved in the working out of the plot.



The Literature of the Colonies

Literary affairs in Canada seem to be looking up, and loyal sons of the Dominion are talking hopefully of a Canadian Literature with a capital "L." It must be confessed that their reason for this self-congratulation is slender enough. Two swallows do not make a summer, nor do three successful novelists make a Literature, but the swallows bring, at least, "promise of sweet sunshine," and the novelists may, in sooth, be the pioneers of a great literary awakening. Sir Gilbert Parker, "Ralph Connor," and Mr. Norman Duncan, are the brightest stars of the little constellation which seems to be lighting in the literary firmament of Canada, though—to drop a metaphor that is growing dangerous — Sir Gilbert has become so essentially a Londoner, that Canada, in a measure, has lost claim of him, and Mr. Norman Duncan has worked and won his way to fame, not in his native Canada, but in the wider field of New York journalism. The same may be said of Mr. Bliss Carman, the Canadian poet. Thus, the captious critic might reasonably contend that "Ralph Connor" is only the exception which proves the rule that Colonial literature cannot be self-supporting and individual, and it is doubtful if even he would have been the exception had he not been, as he still is, a settled clergyman independent of any income from his pen. Australia, with far finer possibilities of an individual literature than Canada possesses, or is ever likely to possess, has not been able to support a single native author on his own soil, for we must remember that "Rolf Boldrewood," who, by the way, was born in London, has, like "Ralph Connor," been independent of literature all his life. Marcus Clarke, in many ways the most individual of all Australian writers, who was also born in London, eked out his living, such as it was, by journalism; Adam Lindsay Gordon's is a sad story; Mrs. Campbell-Praed, Mr. H. B Marriott Watson, and Mr. Louis Becke, have had to seek success in London; "Tasma" left Australia before she won any literary fame, and even she had been born at Highgate. Indeed, nothing is more remarkable than the barrenness of our great Colonies in literary energy. The best Australian books were written by Henry Kingsley, who lived in the country for five years only, and Ada Cambridge (the wife of an Australian minister) is a Colonial by adoption; while Ethel Turner (Mrs. Curlewis) went out from her native Yorkshire as a girl. Cape Colony has given us Olive Schreiner. That and nothing more. The fact is, the Colonies are, and Canada most of all, too busy living, to produce literature.

"Ralph Connor"

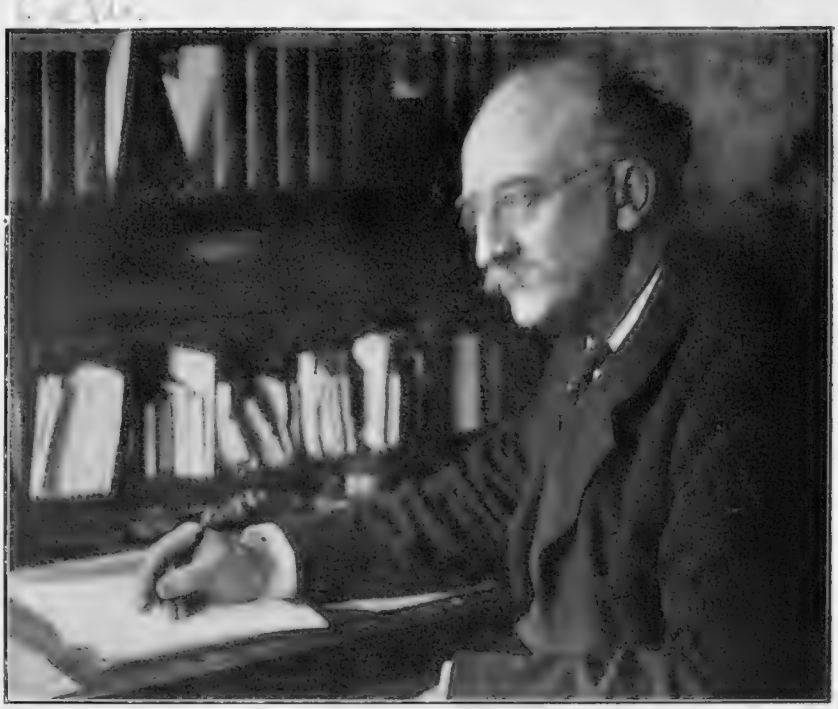
The celebrated Canadian novelist, whose new book, "The Prospector," has just been published

'Ralph Connor'

In my opinion, "Ralph Connor's" success is purely personal, and hinges, to some extent, at least, on the "kailyaird" boom. Canada, apart from the regions of the "habitant," is a Scottish Colony, and the Rev. Charles W. Gordon, who has made his *nom de guerre* famous throughout the Empire, is Scottish in all his characteristics. The Scots element enters largely into his stories; that serious view of life, intermingled with tenderness and quiet humour, which we get especially in the works of "Ian Maclaren." I have been reading his latest novel, "The Prospector" (Hodder and Stoughton), with much pleasure, and though it is certainly not a great book, it is a most delightful one; fresh, with a breezy optimism and a love of the clean things of life. It is good hearing, that no less than 20,000 copies of the novel were disposed of in Canada alone within one month—an enormous sale, when we consider the limited constituency, and a rare honour for a prophet in his own country. It is an interesting story how Mr. Gordon came to the discovery of his talent as a novelist. Before settling down, in 1894, as minister of St. Stephen's Presbyterian Church, Winnipeg, he had been a missionary among the lumbermen of the Rockies, and the editor of one of his church papers, who had been his friend from college days, invited him to write some account of his experiences in mission work. These he cast in the form of fiction, and so "Black Rock" came into being, achieving immediate popularity when reprinted from the pages of the review in which it first appeared. His pen-name had a curious origin. Wishing to remain anonymous, he signed his first chapter "Cannor," this pseudonym being compounded from the first two syllables of the Canadian North-West Missionary Society, to which he had been attached. But the editor mistook the word for "Connor," and prefixed it with the euphonious "Ralph." He has remained faithful to this odd christening.

Mr. Norman Duncan

I have mentioned Mr. Norman Duncan above. He is a far greater literary force, in my estimation, than Mr. Gordon. For all the latter's charm and undoubted high qualities, there is a conventional touch about his narrative manner—which, perhaps, makes for ready popularity—whereas Mr. Duncan sounds a new note; he is a voice, and not an echo, as the saying is. I have read nothing more powerful in recent fiction than his first book, "The Way of the Sea." It reveals a veritable mystic of the sea; one who has seen into the secrets of old Ocean; his sombre tragedy, his tenderness not less, and man's relationship to him. If "Doctor Luke," Mr. Duncan's new novel, which I have just been reading, does not quite reach the level of his former book, that is because Mr. Duncan has not yet "found" himself in the long story; but it is, for all that, a work of rugged grandeur. And the strange thing is that Mr. Duncan is no son of the sea. I gather that he hails from inland Canada, and had been a New York journalist for ten years before a chance visit to the coast set him dreaming of the sea and its mysteries. Mr. Duncan is now professor of English at Washington and Jefferson College, and I suspect that he is not likely to be more than a visitor to his native Canada in the future.



Mr. Alfred H Miles

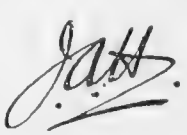
Editor of "The Poets and the Poetry of the Nineteenth Century," of which a new edition has just been published by Messrs. Routledge

Poets of the Nineteenth Century

When we hear so much nonsense about the lack of appreciation for good poetry, it is pleasant to find that Messrs. Routledge have the fortitude to enter upon the publishing of a new and revised edition of Mr. Alfred H. Miles's standard work, "The Poets and the Poetry of the Nineteenth Century," which appeared first in 1891. Mr. Miles, who has edited more books than probably any other literary man of his time, has earned the gratitude of all lovers of good literature by this collection of the poetry of last century. The plan of the work is admirable, the execution excellent. It is no mere anthology, as I note many of the critics carelessly describe it. The scheme has been to illustrate by selections the development of each poet, the varying characteristics and qualities of his verse; in a word, an *aperçu* of the poet and his poetry. This is a very different thing from an anthology. Mr. Miles, by the way, is a poet of no mean order, and his multitudinous books of recitations contain many original pieces from his pen. I should add that this new edition of his great work will be complete in every sense, the expiry of the Tennyson copyrights always so jealously guarded by the publishers—having enabled him to make a representative selection, where before he had to be content with brief quotations in the course of a critical estimate, and Mr. George Meredith has now sanctioned a selection of his verse to appear. The edition runs to twelve volumes, at eighteenpence each.

The Land o' Poets

I remember asking Mr. Miles on one occasion what his thoughts were when he turned to the Scottish poets, and he told me that he was so overwhelmed with the mere contemplation of the names of the Scottish "minor poets" that he studiously refrained from attempting to deal with them in any representative way. No wonder, for I happen to know that they have a poets' corner in the Mitchell Library at Glasgow, which represents the work of 3,500 different Scots poets, and contains nearly 7,000 volumes, of which 2,000 are various editions of Burns! Every second man you meet in Scotland has tried his hand at poetry: I know, literally, dozens of such versifiers, many of whom have even printed books—at their own expense, needless to say. Every Scottish paper has a column for "Original Poetry," and these streams flow as steadily as the mains from Loch Katrine to the Glasgow "jawboxes." There is a collection of such poetry made by Mr. Edwards, of Brechin, comprising some sixteen volumes, bought chiefly, I suspect, by the poetic fry themselves; and, in his preface, Mr. Edwards tell us that the "lyrical genius which Scotland has produced has excited the surprise and admiration of the civilised world." I wonder what the savage world would thinks of it! But seriously, I could myself grow lyrical in its praise!



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With the H.H.: Mr. Arnold at the meet

With the H.H.: Hon. Mrs. Baring greeting an early arrival at the meet

position high. The Quorn have had, on the whole, a moderate season; nor can the Belvoir be said to have done well, scent having frequently been atrocious for a fortnight or so at a time. Mr. Fernie's have had more than their share of sport, but, the Cottesmore season, all things considered, cannot be compared with some of its predecessors, that of three years ago, for example. In the Grafton and Bicester countries, good and bad seasons generally alternate. Last season, for instance, the latter had

Photos exclusive to *The Bystander*

With the Hampshire Hounds: The Master, Mr. F. Coryton, and Huntsman, John Cooper

but few good runs, while a sequence of fine sport was the Grafton's portion; during the present season, this state of things has been reversed. Few packs have done better than the Fitzwilliam, who have not only had plenty of fine runs, but have accounted for a rare lot of foxes; and, in the Atherstone country, Mr. Munro has been thoroughly successful. Nor should mention be omitted of the Duke of Beaufort's country, where the season has been distinctly above the average.

West Country Notes

More fortunate than their northern and eastern compatriots, sportsmen of the West Country have suffered but little interference from frost, and the absence of rain, which, in that region, is in some years apt to be excessive, has made the season most enjoyable. The Devon and Somerset brought their score of deer taken, up to the century early in this month, the hinds having shown some capital sport. Sir John Amory's staghounds have admittedly had the best season since their formation as a subsidiary pack, and Mr. Stanley, on the Quantocks, has also done well. In the West Somerset country, Mr. Boles' first year of office has provided many good runs, the vale between Bridgwater and the sea having been, as usual, prolific of stout foxes. With the East Devon, Dan Power has justified his promotion to the huntsman's place by showing brilliant sport, the recent run from Chineway Head, near Ottery St. Mary, to Hemyock, near the Wellington Monument, standing out as one of the finest of the year, for hounds must have run over twenty miles of country. Further west, Mr. Gilbert Spiller's resumption of the horn has conduced to much sport with the Mid-Devon Hounds, and Mr. Henn-Gennys has proved himself a most promising novice with the Lamerton. The "Hunt Week" season, an institution peculiar to the West, was commenced on the 13th inst., in the Four Burrow country, where Mr. Williams entertained the North Cornwall pack; and the Western Hounds were also given a day. With the Dartmoor, foxes are turning up much better than was the case last year, and Mr. Coryton has, in consequence, had a capital season.

Irish Notes

Delightful weather has prevailed in Ireland of late, and fields, with the principal packs, have ruled large. With the Meath, the favourite meets have been graced by brilliant companies, Dublin and its environs fairly bristling with notabilities. Scent, however, has been for the most part indifferent, though a pleasant exception was the Priestown Cross Roads day, when hounds ran hard throughout. The Kildare have had one or two capital gallops, the best, perhaps, having its inception at the far-famed Punchestown Gorse; and news of a great day comes from the Coshmore and Coshbride country, though the ending was scarcely satisfactory, seeing that hounds had to be left out at 5.40 p.m., still running with a screaming scent towards Ahern. The Kilkenny have enjoyed good sport lately, and the United, too, continue to do well. As good a gallop as any was that of the Kilcooley Abbey day, when, after one of Mr. T. B. Ponsonby's numerous foxes had been accounted for, hounds went away from Ashby's Glen over a rough country by Coalbrook and back to Kilcooley at a terrific pace.

Photo exclusive to *The Bystander*

With the Hampshire Hounds: On the Petersfield Road

Photo exclusive to *The Bystander*

WITH THE HAMPSHIRE HOUNDS: OFF TO SUTTON WOOD

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

The Cry for All-Embracing Rules

A recent incident which happened during a match at Chatsworth, in which the Prime Minister was taking part, has raised a fresh outcry against St. Andrews and its Rules Committee. During this match a ball lodged in a tree, and as, apparently, there was no local rule governing such a contingency, and the St. Andrews' rules do not mention trees as hazards, nor provide any solution of a tree difficulty, people have been going about complaining that this is only one more instance of the narrow conservatism of St. Andrews, which refuses to deal with problems arising out of features absent from the St. Andrews' links. Any stick is good enough to beat a dog with, says the old proverb, and a tree being plentifully provided with the material for making sticks, the opponents of St. Andrews have been busy manufacturing a regular bundle of rods with which to belabour the back of the patron Saint of golf. I think this attitude on the part of the opponents of the ruling club arises out of a total misconception of the true factors of the problem.

Feasible Reforms

I am no blind partisan of St. Andrews, and I think my writings prove this, for I have not hesitated, in these and other columns, to point out and attack shortcomings in the premier club, and to advocate reforms, but I have always endeavoured, when so writing, to press for reforms which are feasible and possible, and not to obscure the issue by crying out against everything that does or does not emanate from St. Andrews. For let us consider for a moment what it is that the Royal and Ancient Club is called upon to do. By tacit assent of the great clubs, the management of the game and the codifying and promulgation of the rules governing golf have been entrusted to it. The Club has undertaken this task, and have rightly considered it a duty to keep and hand on the game, as far as modern conditions render this possible, as it came down from their forefathers. Certain modifications have had to be made to meet modern contingencies. The ordinary rules of the game have had to be modified to a certain degree to suit the requirements of medal, or scoring, play.

Modifications and Concessions

These medal rules form a separate portion of the ordinary code, and a still further concession has been made by another little set of rules governing three-ball matches. But none of these concessions involved a fundamental departure from the ordinary rules of the game, a few modifications being all that was necessary. Golf, in its origin, was a game played on the coast along the sand dunes, or, as our Scottish ancestors called these places, along the links. No such thing as a tree occurred on these links, and I fancy the oldest code in existence would be searched in vain for the mention of such a thing as a tree. Whin-bushes, rabbit scrapes, sand bunkers, walls, ditches, and burns, would all be found, and would be comprehended in the generic term "hazard." St. Andrews, therefore, legislates for the ordinary golf course, and defines as a hazard, any known hazard likely to occur on such a course. Every course has probably some peculiar hazard lying just outside the scope of the St. Andrews definition.

Peculiar Hazards

The Club considers, and in my estimation perfectly rightly, that any such peculiar hazard should be dealt with by the local rules of the club concerned. The gravamen of the complainers is that St. Andrews takes no cognizance of inland golf, and the various hazards peculiar to inland courses, and that the Club has set its face against any recognition of such hazards as trees, or mud adhering to the ball, both of them difficulties with which inland golfers have to contend. And so the cry goes up that the St. Andrews' rules do not cover a multitude of difficulties arising from the practice of the game on courses entirely different in their features and soil to those on which the game has been played from its earliest inception.

No More Rules Needed

Now I cannot, for the life of me, see any grievance here. Take the Chatsworth incident. In old days, at Ranelagh, we had a special local rule dealing with this very difficulty of a ball lodging in a tree, and I doubt not that most clubs where trees abound have provided some local solution of the tree problem. The same thing holds good of mud on most courses where the soil in damp weather is very muddy; either the club makes a local rule, or players, by agreement with each other, allow of the ball, when on the green, being wiped free of any mud adhering to it. But I see no reason whatever for embodying either of these "cruces" into the Rules of Golf. The rules are numerous enough, and complex enough, to satisfy the soul of the most ardent lover of technicalities. For heavens' sake, let us not add to their number. Besides, there is Rule 36, which provides that, "if the point in dispute be not covered by the Rules of Golf, the arbiters must decide it by equity," the rule having previously laid down that "the players have the right of choosing the party, or parties, to whom the dispute shall be referred, and, in the event of their failing to agree, either side may refer it to the Rules of Golf Committee, whose decision shall be final." By this rule the Rules Committee wisely confess that it is impossible to cover all possible hard cases, and they provide a means of escape for the sufferers. More than this they surely cannot be called upon to do by any fair-minded student of the knotty problem of rule legislation.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

Football: Association and Rugby

THE INTER-VARSITY MATCH AND ENGLAND v. IRELAND

It was the undeniable excellence of their forward line that made Cambridge favourites for the Inter-Varsity Association football match at Queen's Club, on the 11th inst., and it was the fine play of the Oxford halves and backs that won the contest. When they got going, the Light Blue forwards were clever; they executed some beautiful pieces of passing, and controlled the ball well. But it was not often that they had a chance to shine; they were tackled in most tenacious fashion by the Oxford halves, and, when the latter failed, O. T. Norris and A. E. Scothern were generally equal to the occasion. Perhaps the best man on the whole field was J. D. Craig, Oxford's right half. He seemed to be working, without cessation, from beginning to end, and the manner in which he dropped the ball, time after time, at the feet of the best-placed forward on his side, marked him as a half-back of exceptional promise. He possesses, too, a nice turn of speed. His pace helped him very considerably to keep E. G. D. Wright, the Cambridge outside left, so thoroughly in hand. In the matter of individual excellence, one would place Norris a very good second to Craig. The former shows every promise of developing into a Lodge or an Oakley; he has any amount of resource, and the happy knack of extricating himself from a tangle, and making his own position for opening up the attack. The Cambridge halves were slower on the ball than the opposing trio, and the backs were hardly quick enough in their clearances. R. P. Keigwin made two exceptionally fine saves, and, although he was, in a sense, responsible for the goal by which his side suffered defeat, he stopped other shots which would have scored nine times out of ten. In short, Oxford might well have won far more easily; they were distinctly the better balanced side.

Photo exclusive to *The Bystander*

Association: Oxford v. Cambridge at Queen's Club. Won by Oxford by 2 goals to 1

The illustration shows the play round the Oxford goal

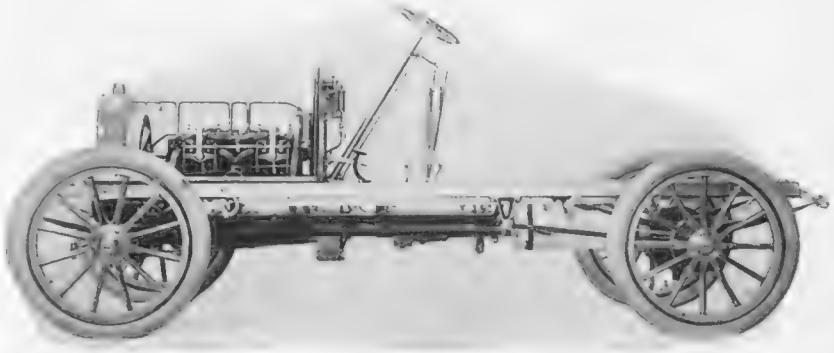
After one of the finest games ever provided by the countries, Ireland defeated England, at Cork, on the 11th inst., by a goal and four tries to one try. Whether the present Irish team is as good as that which beat England, Scotland, and Wales, in 1899, is open to question, but it is undoubtedly a very fine combination, possessing plenty of science in addition to the customary Irish dash. The winning forwards were far lighter than the opposing eight, but, by pure "devil," they secured the ball time after time, and knocked all attempts at combination out of the English backs. B. McLear, an officer in the Dublin Fusiliers and an old Bedford Grammar School boy, fully justified the good things which were said of him in anticipation. It was impossible for one opponent to stop him; a big fellow, with a rare turn of speed, he forced his way through the opposition by the simple process of bowling over anybody who got in his way, and his dash inspired every other member of the side. F. C. Hulme and W. V. Butcher struggled manfully at half-back for England, and the three-quarters were not weak, but the whole side seemed to lack that zest which the Irishmen threw into their efforts.

Photo by] **Rugby: England v. Ireland at Cork** *[Lafayette*

The English team, led by their captain, F. Stout, enter the field to the air of "Rule Britannia"

Olympia

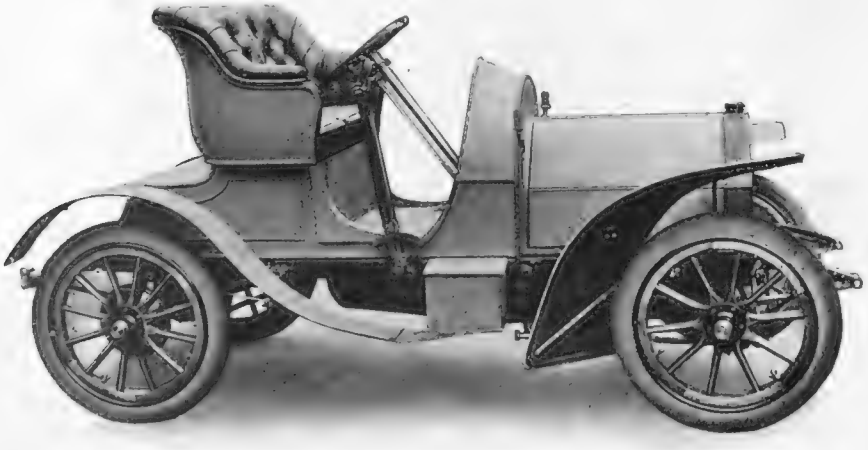
Without any of the artistic qualities and fine surroundings which characterised the Paris Salon, Olympia has been a great success. It has been run by business men on business lines, and has undoubtedly brought business to its numerous exhibitors, besides which, it has proved, beyond a doubt, that London itself is the place in which to hold a Motor Show. The big glass house at Olympia is accessible to the whole of London, and all London visited it. The only criticism that one could make upon the Show, and upon the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders who promoted it, is that they were too successful. So many visitors flocked to Olympia that the gangways, and even the space allotted to each exhibitor, proved far too small, and this success proved even an evil to those capable caterers, Messrs. Lyons and Company, for the pressing demand for lunch on several days proved too much even for this experienced firm. Held in November, the next English Show should, if possible, be still more successful; but I doubt very much whether Olympia is large enough. If further space cannot easily be acquired by the Society, it would, perhaps, be as well to increase the number of days, and to allow the exhibition to be opened to the public for a fortnight. I have been present at a good many Motor Shows, but I cannot remember ever having seen so many real buyers at any previous exhibition. The English public seems to have woke up. The attractions of the motor appear to have conquered prejudice—every fresh motorist adds power and influence to the movement—and the results of this exhibition should make themselves felt all over the country.



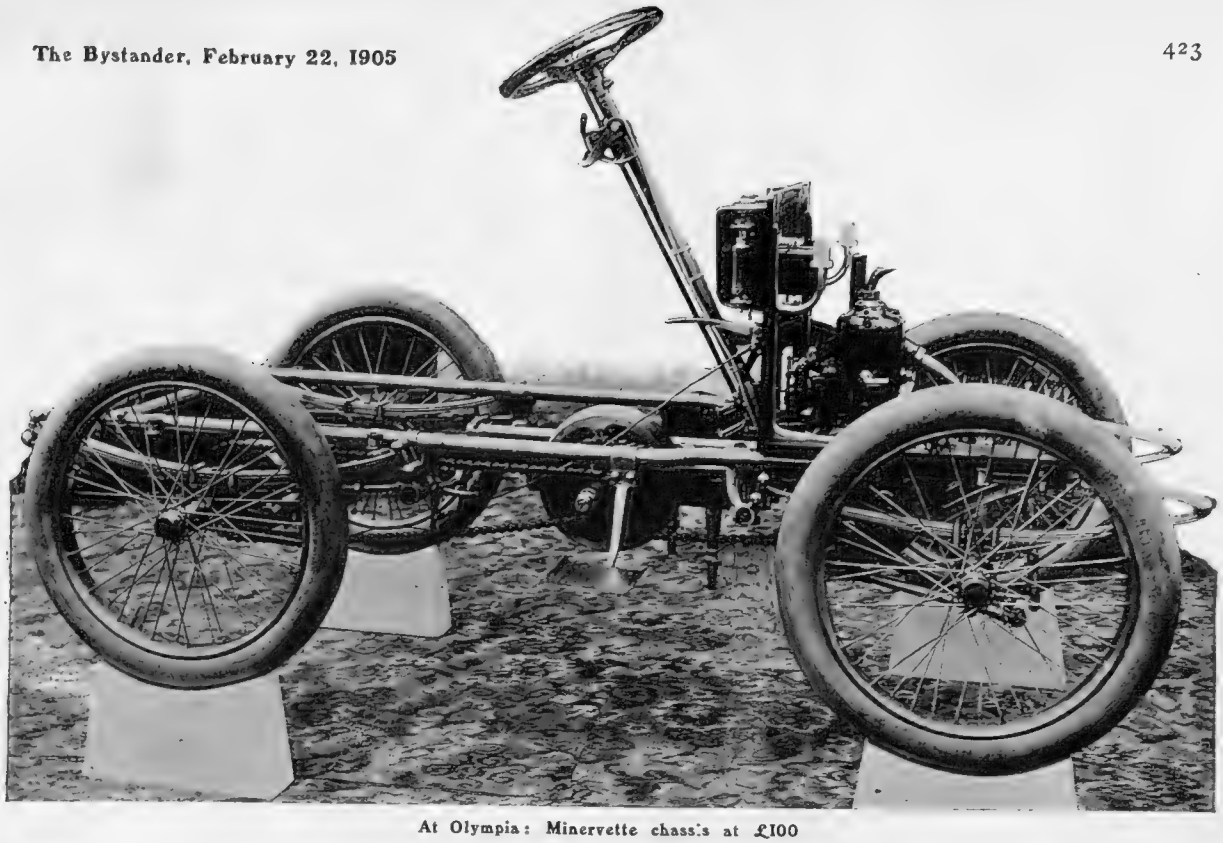
The four-cylinder Simms-Welbeck chassis, priced at £330

Choosing a Body

Our body builders have worthily held their own, and Messrs. Thrupp and Maberley, Messrs. Hooper, and Messrs. Mulliner, show, in different parts of the building, splendid examples of sound artistic work. The question of body design is undoubtedly a difficult one to a man who buys a car for the first time, but I would urge caution in the fitting of side-entrance bodies where the space is only just sufficient. The results are to cramp those on the front seats, and if the owner intends to drive himself — and half the joy of motoring is in the driving—he will find that he has sacrificed his own comfort simply in order that the occupants of the tonneau may enter the car in what is, perhaps, an easier way. After all, the getting in and out of a



The new 7½ h.-p. Humber light car. Price, £175



At Olympia: Minervette chassis at £100

This car is one of the cheapest runabouts in the Show

car is surely a small matter compared with securing comfort while one is travelling in a car. It is far better to stick to the ordinary door at the back rather than to cramp the occupants of the front seats. In these remarks, of course, I do not refer to cars of the landaulette type intended purely for town use, but rather to the smaller touring cars which still figure largely in manufacturers' lists.

* * *

1905 has quite failed to produce any strikingly new types; in fact, design seems to have crystallised.

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In connection with the allotment of positions, I note with regret that such firms as "Mors," "Rénault," and "Georges-Richard," had extremely unsuitable positions given to them. Such leading French makes

Photos exclusive to **The Sunbeam Car at the Olympia Motor Show** *The Bystander*

The new 12 h.-p. four-cylinder Sunbeam. The complete car is offered at £450. The chains run in oil-bath gear-cases

deserve more consideration, and even if the Committee had had to stretch a point in their favour I think it would have looked more courteous to our French neighbours to have found positions for these celebrated cars in the main building. In order next year to give more room, I cannot help thinking one solution of the difficulty would be to exclude all heavy traction vehicles, all motor-boats, all tri cars, and to throw the annex into the main building.

* * *

While the tar-paving at Olympia was certainly a success, yet there was far too much dust. This seems to point to the necessity for frequently watering the passages.

* * *

As instancing people's readiness to sit down, I noticed that the tops of the motor 'buses in the exhibition were generally full up. I noticed one gentleman making a round of the stands in a bath-chair. Towards the end of the day, I should have been glad to change places with him myself.

* * *

On a small stand, in one of the poorest positions in the building, was to be found the "Rénault" exhibit. The types from this firm's workshops maintain, as ever, their splendid character for simple, substantial design, and should prove worthy examples to many less experienced manufacturers whose engines show a multitude of small exposed moving parts.

* * *

The interesting feature on the Siddeley stand was the parts of the 12 h.-p. car, which, recently, successfully completed the 5,000 miles' trial. I examined, with care, the differential, the gear-wheels, the pistons, and big end bearings, and can only say, that if every car wore as well, there would be little work for repairing shops.

Messrs. Gamage and Sons had quite a selection of motor novelties. Their flexible connection between the high-tension wire and the sparking plug should prove a boon to all owners. It costs but a trifle, saves time and worry, and should find a place on every car that has a sparking plug.

* * *

The 90 h.-p. Mercédes, shown upon the stand of the Cannstatt Automobile Supply Association, was an exhibit worth seeing. I doubt whether such power has ever been conveyed before through such an extraordinarily small clutch.

* * *

Quite the best exhibit amongst the motor launches was the 12 h.-p. Napier launch. Verily, England has little to fear from competition when she can produce such splendid work as this.

* * *

The 30-40 h.-p. Martini car, with its luxurious body, was shown on Messrs. H. H. P. Deasy's stand, and attracted as much attention as it did at Paris.

* * *

No firm exhibited such varied types of cars as the Hon. C. S. Rolls and Company. Besides the Panhard, they had a four-cylinder Minerva, priced at £285, and a two-cylinder Rolls Royce, at £395. These prices must have proved a puzzle to intending purchasers.

* * *

Messrs. Michelin and Company, the famous tyre makers, whose record in all the big aces stands second to none, showed their 1905 tyre models. Suspended from the stand was to be seen that big bladder man, M. Bibendum, the personification of resilience. This was his first appearance before the English public.

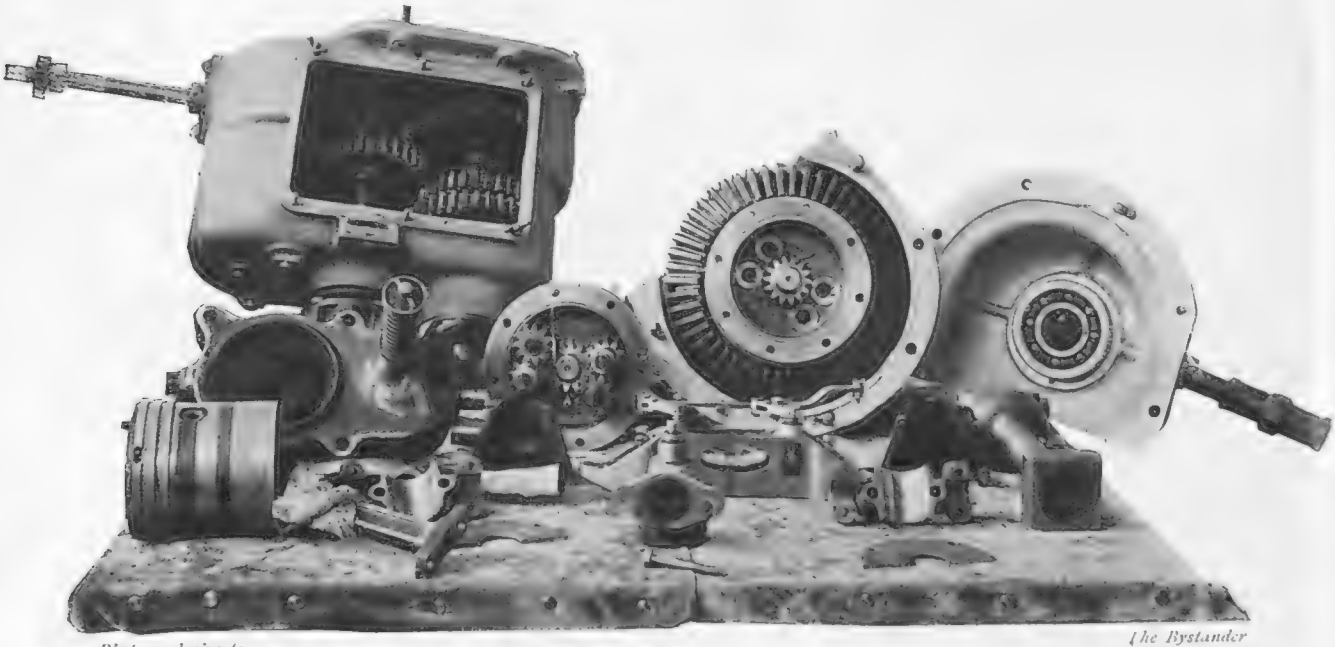


Photo exclusive to *The Bystander*

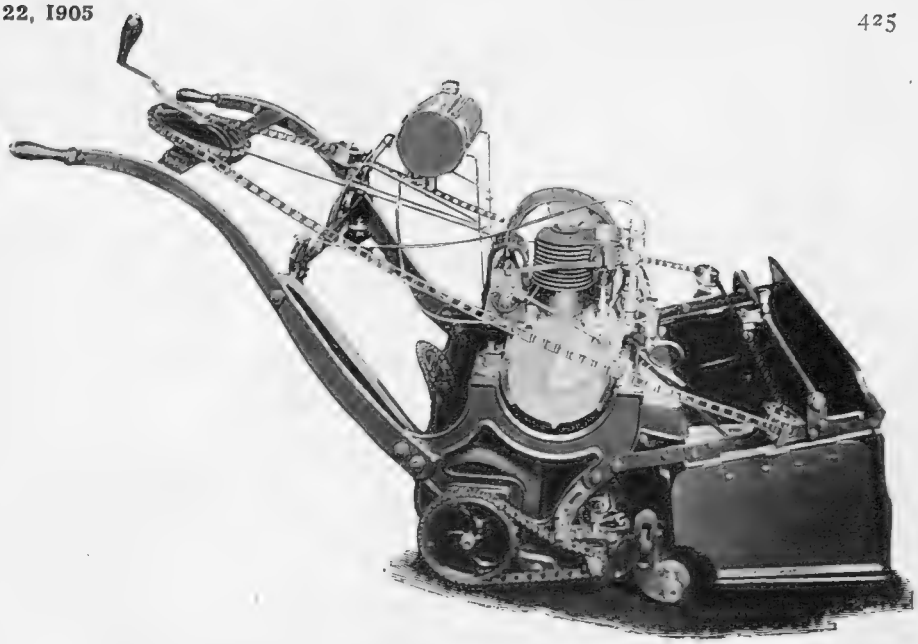
At the Olympia Motor Show: Parts of the 12 h.-p. Two-Cylinder Siddeley Car, which were used in the successful 5,000 miles reliability test

None of the pieces exhibit appreciable signs of wear

The Palmer Tyre Company were in a good position in the gallery, and exhibited an interesting specimen of a motor 'bus pneumatic tyre. It is, perhaps, the biggest thing in tyres that has ever been produced, and I have little doubt but that its adoption by Motor Omnibus Companies will do much to ease the running of their heavy vehicles, and bring down the cost of their repair bills.

* * *

The practical chain case, which the "Sunbeam" Company fitted to their cars, seems to be an excellent addition to any chain-driven car. This feature, combined with their variable lift to the inlet valve is, undoubtedly, an attraction which will, in many cases, decide the hesitating purchaser to place his order with John Marston and Company.



A practical application of the petrol engine: Ransome's motor mowing machine at the Olympia Show

* * *

Oils in Bulk

As most of my readers know, I have always insisted, in these notes, on the absolute necessity for proper lubrication. Some time back I devoted considerable space to the question of oils and oiling, and, in order to encourage the motorist to use plenty of lubricant, I suggested that he should buy oil in bulk, at wholesale prices. Some few of my readers have written to me complaining of the weight of the oil drums. They complained, too, that there was considerable difficulty in getting the oil out, and a certain amount of waste was inevitable. I consulted Messrs. Livett Frank, the big wholesale oil dealers, and, at my suggestion, they have agreed to supply their well-known oils in five-gallon drums, each drum being provided with an air-vent and a suitable tap. A wooden stand goes with the drum, and four empty tins for carrying oil on the car. These are specially designed to pour oil into the oil reservoir on a car without spilling a drop. All that the motorists has to do is to order the set, and he will save time, money, and waste. The oil is of the highest quality, it is reasonable in price, and, when the drum is empty, the firm will exchange it for a full one. My readers would do well to send a post-card to 22, Borough High Street, London, S.E., asking for further particulars.

Alfred C. Hunter.

Photos exclusive to The Bystander

The 8 h.-p. two-seated Singer Car at Olympia. Price 215 guineas

A SUCCESSFUL SOCIAL EXPERIMENT*

By CHARLES ROWLEY

Mr. Charles Rowley's name is a household word in Manchester and the district round, where for the past thirty years, he has been the leader of the Social Reform movement

There are all kinds of complaints, and even moans, over the constant drift of the population to the big towns and cities. This tendency in some communities, Britain and the United States for example, is apparently likely to be constant, unless some unforeseen changes come upon us. The causes for this drift are obvious, and amongst them the search for more constant employment, and better wages, but most of all, more fun, more contact with the tragedy and comedy of life. The country is, no doubt, dull to most of us, and especially to those who have tasted town life.

Here am I, for example, born sixty-four years ago, in the heart of Ancoats—the old workshop district of Manchester, where the huge mills are still in evidence, and alongside these intricately equipped factories, sprang up innumerable fine spinning machine shops. I was always fond of the country, so, with a bevy of chums, we lost no opportunity of tramping through the then pure district around our city. After a long experience at a great Sunday School, Bennett Street, I was, in 1875, returned to the City Council for this Ancoats district. I remember describing it then as consisting of 60,000 inhabitants, 40 churches, 40 chapels, and 140 public-houses and beer-houses. It had been a veritable Klondike for over fifty years. The gold, however, had gone; but the débris, human and otherwise, were left. How to rouse things up to a better level was the problem that faced all of us that thought at all about humane and social affairs.

Pioneers in Improvement

We got a committee together, and begged some money, and started a number of ro sing things. We placed bands in the two neighbouring parks—now the Corporation do it. Having got from my own election cry, baths and wash-houses and a public room, we proceeded to use the latter profusely, the public needing no prod to enjoy the fine swimming and other baths. We had excellent exhibitions of pictures, workmanship, and flower shows, for a long series of years. These things are now done, and done better, by other organisations, some municipal, some philanthropic. Our aim always has been to stimulate, to get ideas, even ideals into practical form, and then, when more powerful bodies, in command of cash, take them up, we turn to something else and try fresh experiments.

In 1880, we had our first exhibition of works of art. I have the very pretty illustrated catalogue now before me. Canon Barnett, of Toynbee Hall, has assured me that he has taken many hints for his exhibitions in East London from our proceedings. We were five or six years before Toynbee Hall, but carried similar ideas in our heads, stimulating, offering lovely things, natural and artistic, giving series of University Extension lectures, by such men as Michael Sadler, Hudson Shaw, Llewelyn Smith, H. J. MacKinder, and the best of our Owens College men, never forgetting the brilliant and genial Professor Milnes Marshall.

Working with High Ideals

As leader of the movement, I have been firmly possessed of one idea—namely, to go only for the best. Surely in such a huge community of workers there is a fair percentage of good heads, strong hearts, good folks all round. We have proved this to be so, and, by sticking to our ideal, we have demonstrated the fact that good stuff is a requisite, for a small percentage it may be, in every community. We have felt no antagonism to those who conduct their work on different lines. There is room for all of us and more. We pitch high, do as well as we can, and, what is more important, we never get bored ourselves, as we should have done all these years had we been listening to, and looking at, poor stuff. We will not even have poor printing, so that our literature of announcements, voluminous quotations, form the best only, and our pictorial and other ornaments are an interesting study. This is not named as a bit of swagger, or a boast, but as an example of the manner in which we work.

The Sunday Afternoon Meetings

In the autumn of 1881 we started a Sunday afternoon meeting in the New Islington Hall, Ancoats. Sir Henry Roscoe gave the first lecture, the subject being, "John Dalton." We had some music each day, and met from 3 to 5. These afternoons were a great success from the first, and last winter's course, on "The Story of the Nations" series of books, was the best of all in average attendance. We got from five to nine hundred people, mostly men. By great good fortune we have had a continual series of remarkable addresses. Not going for the rhetorical or the popular in any way, we have also avoided the dry, the pompous, and the patronising. Among Churchmen, we have had Dean Cowie, Dr. Stubbs, Dean of Ely, Archdeacon Wilson, Canons Hicks, Rawnsley, Gorton, and many others. Even men who have attained Cabinet rank have been to us. Mr. Arthur Acland, Mr. Arnold Forster, Prince Kropotkin, and Mrs. Fawcett were prime favourites. But our list

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has included Sir W. B. Richmond, Walter Crane, Ford Madox Brown, Professor York-Powell, Thomas Hughes, Q.C., Sir Robert Ball, and a host of others. William Morris greatly enjoyed coming to us every year, which he did to the time of his death. He was a leonine wonder for us, and we loved him as one of the most gifted craftsmen and genial men of our time.

All Meetings Free: No Reserved Seats

Quite as fortunate have we been in our music, which is given before and after the lecture, sandwich fashion. Here the list of kind and voluntary helpers has been endless. We can only name Sir Charles and Lady Hallé, Mr. Leonard Borwick, the famous Brodsky Quartet, which comes to a nobly enthusiastic crowd every year. The generosity of musicians is notorious, and we have tapped it abundantly. Our afternoons have become famous for the quality of our talking, our music, our power of silent listening, and for our exuberant enthusiasm. We need not say that often on these Sundays we get really ideal afternoons.

These meetings, like all others, are free. We have no reserved seats. We make a collection, however. If we were in the centre of the town we could easily make them self-supporting, but we stick to Ancoats. In the spring of 1889, we made a new departure, for Sunday Afternoon and Extension lectures being over in February, we started smaller Sunday Morning meetings. From this sprang our rambling club, our cycling club, and the Ancoats Brotherhood. I cannot do better than quote a passage from the *Manchester Guardian* of March 5, 1889, the day after the Brotherhood was launched.

The Founding of the Brotherhood

"On Sunday morning a meeting was held in the New Islington Hall, Ancoats, to consider the desirableness of forming an association, which will give an opportunity for continuing the Sunday meetings held during the winter months. Mr. Charles Rowley explained what had been in the minds of the promoters of the meeting. For seven years, he said, a remarkable body of men had attended the Sunday afternoon lectures. The audiences ranged from a thousand to four hundred, and many of these were regular attenders. It always seemed a pity that, at the end of the winter course, this fine gathering should be dispersed until another winter set in. He would state briefly what he thought might be done. Suppose they had fortnightly meetings—say, in March and April—on Sunday mornings. He would be satisfied if they only met and chatted, for it seemed to him that that delightful form of intercourse, where people met for the sake of each other, merited encouragement. We were all a little overcome by the stress of life and the constant attention to the mere machinery of existence. When could we hope to live a bit and enjoy each other?

A Beneficial Interchange of Ideas

"It would be better, however, to meet as a rule and have the talk led by some one of intelligence and goodwill. It would be desirable that they, in return, should talk freely, but not for the purpose of gaining verbal victories over each other, or for making telling points. In fact, could they not agree to differ, to discuss subjects that interested them, and this without heat, but with as much light as possible? With this in mind constantly, why should they not meet and talk about subjects upon which they wanted to form just and workable opinions? All social subjects, which interested them as neighbours and citizens, might be faced. Had they any local patriotism, or even truly national patriotism? If so, what were its practical effects? Had they any clear ideas as to what a true municipality might do for those who lived in a big city like ours? Could they not have quiet and sensible talk about such things? Politics, too, it would be absurd to overlook. He confessed he was a bigot on some questions, and was certain that talk on the other side would do him good. In these and in religious subjects, there was no reason why they should not recognise their differences, and give each other credit for the best intentions."

The Cult of Friendliness

In this department we have 1,500 members, who pay not less than one shilling a year. We send out a special card and some literature each spring, and to all our members a book of autumn and winter programmes. All this part of our work, purely recreative, is self-supporting after sending a substantial sum to the Ancoats Hospital, the College of Music, the Manchester Museum, and other bodies. All our work is voluntary. We organise inexpensive rambles all around the city, varied by a pound week-end in Wales or the Lake Country, and a big (for us) five days' Easter Continental trip to Belgium, Holland, or France. Our Committee consists, in the main, of workfolk. We have a charming workman's cottage headquarters at 78, Canning Street, Ancoats, but we have the Corporation Hall, as we require it, for Sunday or week-days. We have all kinds of friendly meetings, dances in the winter, jaunts in the fine open weather, and Chumming in our Homes. We are a mixed lot. We have a bookstall where we place nothing but the best stuff in inexpensive form.

"Nothing but the Best is Good Enough"

Our unexpressed ideal is "nothing but the best is good enough for use." We are always on the look-out for still better than we have had, and in ourselves we desire to advance, while in the outer world we hope to enjoy. Our faults are, no doubt, glaring, but we pass them over, and go for the good that is certainly in most of us, or we should be lost indeed. Any person can join our Brotherhood, who sends not less than a shilling, and the value returned is worth vastly more than that sum. This spring we sent a specially designed card, a book of poems, "Brotherhood with Nature," and a full programme of our rambles, etc.

This is, of course, only a brief *résumé* of our doings. To give a full account would be to fill a volume, and I am not the man able or willing to write it. It would contain too much of number one, and would smack of egotism. Still, I am thankful for having hit on so many good things to enjoy, to enable others to love and enjoy, and to develop the best that is in them.

Next week, Lady Violet Greville will deal with the question of "Charity and Amusement"

MATTERS MUSICAL

Morbid Musicians and—

There seems to be a tendency among certain people to take their music morbidly. They grow wildly excited about it, and talk with an appearance of profound erudition for hours together, and are never satisfied unless they can find in every composition they listen to some suggestion of a more or less commonplace incident or emotion. Somewhat similar is the state of mind of the charming young woman who comes up to one and says: "Oh, do you play Beethoven? How perfectly sweet! *Do* play the 'Moonlight' Sonata." One plays. Then says she: "Thank you so much. Isn't it just too killingly lovely! That wiggley bit near the end always reminds me of Rogue chasing the Jones's cat across the road!"

The Analytical Programme

This is, no doubt, an aggravated case, as the physician would put it, but it is certain that there are a large number of people who find a great pleasure in carrying to extremes the curious ideas with which they profess that music "inspires" them. It is questionable whether the analytical programme is not largely responsible for this tendency. It is fairly obvious, to my mind, that it is impossible to express in mere words the musical ideas embodied in any oratorio, symphony, or concerto, worthy of the name; and if music is so abstruse as to need an explanatory note at every other bar, it ceases entirely to be of interest to the average concert-goer. The writer of analytical programmes, however, has not always the excuse of alleged obscurity for the liberties he takes with the composer's score. An amusing case in point was furnished at the last concert of the London Choral Society, at which they essayed Elgar's *Apostles*.

A Suggestion

Here, by way of parenthesis, I would submit that Mr. Fagge would be well advised to choose some other composer to supply the matter for his next concert—for which I see Elgar's *Caractacus* is announced in conjunction with Bridge's *John Gilpin*. Keen as the public admittedly are on Elgar's music, there is everything to be gained from a little variety, and his music presents such enormous difficulties as can hardly be surmounted, save by a choir trained to the point of exhaustion. I venture my humble opinion that the composer in the *Apostles* has not reached the level of *Gerontius;* but, be that as it may, it is certain that this performance was hardly so satisfactory as the previous ones given by this Society have been.

Sickly Sentimentality

To return. When I opened my programme I soon came to this:

Upon a pedal A flat, held by drums double-basses, and organ, the gentle, yet majestic melody, having mysticism writ large upon it, is gently wafted upon the air by muted strings (divided into fifteen parts), harp, wood-wind, and upper brass. . . . Everything is hushed, and moves upon the air in ethereal stillness, producing an exalted feeling of awe and mystery.

A fine, ripe specimen of dictionary English, Mr. Jaeger! But what does it mean? I fear it made me laugh, which it was certainly not intended to do. Obviously it was written for the impressionable public, who were duly to absorb it with touching gratitude. But it does not do them any good, and neither, I think, do the snippy phraselets, which are presented at the rate of about three a page all the way through this voluminous treatise, in supposed illustration of ideas which I have no doubt would take the composer himself by surprise. It would be far more serviceable to give the main ideas on which the various portions of the work depend, for Mr. Jaeger's book would take, I should compute, about two hours' close study with the score in order to comprehend it, and nobody at the concert has more than ten minutes to spare for the purpose.

Photo by *Humphry*

Mr. Percy Grainger:
A successful young pianist, who has arranged a number of Scandinavian songs for the 'cello and the piano

Mr. Percy Grainger

Mr. Grainger, whose portrait I give this week, is the apostle of the Scandinavian folk-song, and, in conjunction with Mr. Herman Sandby, has been giving a series of recitals, with the object of introducing these delightful compositions to the public. Mr. Grainger scored a series of successes on his Australian tour with Miss Ada Crossley, and recently returned from a tour in America, where his arrangements of the Scandinavian tunes for 'cello and piano were much appreciated.

The King at Queen's Hall

The Royal Amateur Orchestral Society were honoured with the presence of the Prince of Wales, the president, and the King, at their smoking concert last week. H. F.

A Woman's Pocket Book

On Choosing a Husband

How to choose a husband is the latest thing we are to be instructed in, and, although we might argue that people are best left to their own individual tastes in such an important matter, this is no rebuke to the modern faddist who amuses himself by suggesting rules upon the subject. It is true that temperament—of the prospective husband—is to be considered in making a choice; but unnecessary stress seems to be laid on the man's profession. The Army, one is amused to hear, is a suitable calling from which the over-particular modern young woman may select; while bankers, I mention by way of warning, are to be avoided. However, as this is not leap-year, the lady's part of the business is confined to "Yes" or "No," and if the banker seems nice, and she is inclined to like him, who shall condemn her, though she does not wait for the soldier; doubtless, she will suit her own inclination in the matter, for it is one of those points upon which the best advice has frequently been treated as superfluous.

Photo by *Advance Agency*

The newly discovered masterpiece by Murillo

The subject, as will be seen, is that of Christ healing the Paralytic, as told in St. John's Gospel. The picture was painted for the Chapel of St. Augustine, Madrid, and was probably executed between 1670-80. How it came to England remains a mystery, but it was in the possession of an old Devonshire housekeeper, whose husband sold it to Mr. Doig, of 174, New Bond Street, where the picture is now on view

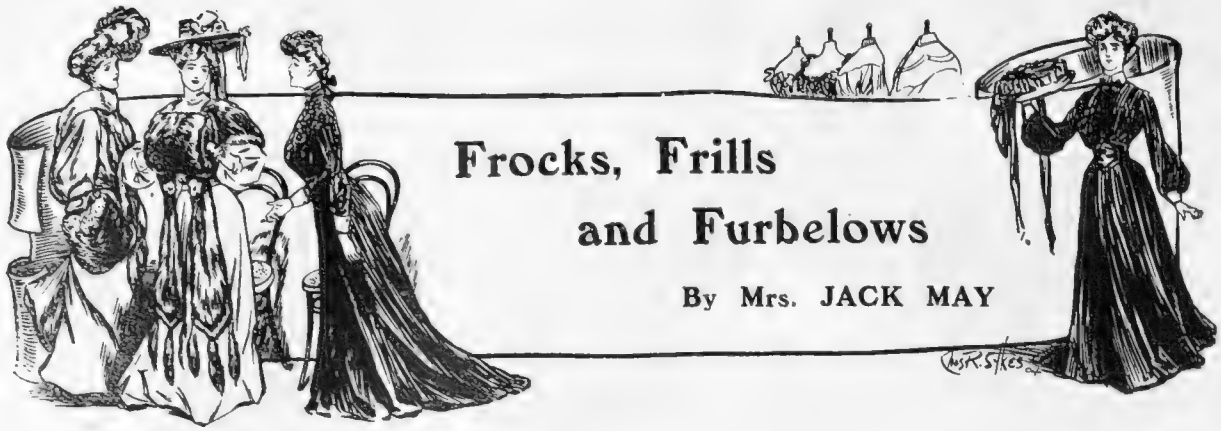
On Reformers and Faddists

How fussy and faddy we are getting to be sure! I wonder what is the matter with the world, that makes it so unbearable to its inhabitants. We are always being told what we ought to eat, how we ought to look, and speak, and feel, by one section of faddists; by another, we are informed of what we *do* do, that is unbecoming, or ridiculous, or indigestible, or positively immoral; and yet a third party, having given up all hope of such a degenerate race, wails disconsolately for past days, dwelling upon the charms and virtues of a former race, whose superiorities they can only have known by hearsay. It is clear this planet is not a suitable residence for these would-be reformers: it harasses them too much. As I write, the sun shines, the birds chirrup, spring seems near, and the world looks a very desirable place; of course, we know that we may have relapsed into mid-winter by to-morrow; still, we must take our chance of that, and if it comes—grin and bear it. But this is what the faddists cannot quite succeed in doing. They remind me of the man who, when he had the toothache, and was requested by a rather Spartan wife to put this excellent maxim into practice, replied: "I'll *bear* it, but I'm *hanged* if I'll grin."

Mary Ann as a "Domestic Employée"

In America, servants are in future to be known as "domestic employées," since the humbler title fails to satisfy their sense of dignity. I hope this change does not imply that they are going to cease to serve; if so, the employée will have to be regarded as a superfluous luxury. After all, what's in a name?—if "employée" pleases them (truly it is rather a bother to say), why ever should they be vexed? In England, we should be glad to call our maids by any title of their own selection—if we could get them; and, having thus bribed them to honour our houses with their presence, we should be positively obsequious were we optimistic enough to suppose they had come to stay.

LADY PHYLLIS.



Frocks, Frills and Furbelows

By Mrs. JACK MAY

Ambrosine implores me to proceed with our more legitimate rôle of dress, before I become, as usual, hopelessly enthralled by motoring matters. There has been quite a pleasant whirl about the West End during the week, and the shops are beginning to put on a cheery Spring season look that is most encouraging. Recalling other years, we find the present comparing more than favourably with the past in point of previousness. At Redmayne's there is a really admirable early show, especially in that wonderful mantle department of theirs, which never fails to overflow with a varied and pleasing choice. There is also a most significant display of made-up sash adjuncts, in the very prettiest Chine ribbons, these verifying most pleasantly to us a premonition that the sash, in all its enchanting variations, is once again to take a first place in decorative accessories.

A small black hat trimmed with faded roses and pale blue ribbon

But sashes, I pause to reflect, invariably walk hand-in-hand with Directoire modes, and these grow steadily in favour every week, although, frequently, glorified out of general recognition. The cloth Directoire over-dress, opening upon a petticoat of silk, represents a walking toilette of the best *ton*, and one most eminently becoming to the figure of generous lines and proportions, while a slim form has the alternative of the long, floppy, figure-giving revers, which is essentially Directoire in feeling.

An Unforeseen Contingency

is the narrow, striped silk, in delicate colourings, for evening wear. Frankly, I think that most successful play, *The Talk of the Town*, is responsible for this fashion, every woman of our acquaintance coming away with the firm intention of obtaining a replica of one or other of those sweet striped silks, worn at the Lyric. The silk, of course, is taffeta, not too *souple* of quality, and arranged with a plain skirt lightly gathered at the waist, the hem set out over a frou-frou of lace flounces. This, worn with one of those fascinating gauged bodices, shaped into a Louis point, and short over the hips, with the completing triumph of a foamy chiffon fichu, or a *berthe* of old lace, with the ends pulled through the side of the corsage, makes a toilette that is ideal for quiet dinners, restaurant wear, and theatres.

Slightly Directoire in appearance — if you forgive the belt—is our pictured evening model (page 432). A very seductive scheme is this of lace flouncing and crêpe-de-Chine, the latter resolving into a *broderie Anglaise* ornamentation at the hem; soft bows of the crêpe with tupil ends, enhance the cleverness of the skirt, while on the simple negligée corsage, narrow hems of delicately tinted Chine ribbon are introduced. Carried out in sulphur crêpe-de-Chine, the lace just toning to this, and Chine silk in soft tints of blue and pink, the *tout ensemble* should be good. Or for a brunette, I should like ivory white, with hems of panne in a subdued shade of tangerine orange.

Fashionable Spring Colours

Brown, blue, wood violet, and lilac, the last in a curious faded hue, that is eminently pleasing and artistic, are all to the fore for cloths, voile ninon, and crêpe-de-Chine gowns, while the favourite pastel blue has given way before the superior attractions of a tone known as *ciel d'Hiver*, which, however, is very tender and delicate, thanks to an admixture of grey. It is blue, with a sort of bloom

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on it. Then, for those who court sombreness, there is a new bronze green, obviously the outcome of the peacock feather craze, that is deserving of the best recognition, though nothing ever has, or ever will, oust navy blue from its safe anchorage in our English hearts.

A neat navy blue cloth suit, with smart little vest of ivory moire, embroidered in Louis Seize colourings, is hard to surpass for style and smartness, and Ambrosine and I are alike struck by the ingenious manœuvrings of black and fancy braids, and tapestry trimmings. There is real art at the back of these decorative endeavours, for although frequently made up of two or three different mediums, the general effect is perfectly harmonious, and for the most part unassuming. It is, as Ambrosine says, of the simplicity that spells a great extravagance, and, of course, that is the only simplicity one is seriously asked to consider nowadays.

The Crowning Triumph

It may seem as though we were eternally babbling about millinery; but let me plead in extenuation, that what we say does not represent a tithe

An evening frock of crépe-de-Chine

(Sketched at Shoolb ed's, Tottenham Court Road)

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of what we know. Firstly, our sincere apologies for having doubted the possibilities of the *Polo*, and equally our congratulations to the clever milliners who have adapted so promptly this vogue to the English face. So, *place au Polo.*

We are, by the way, especially delighted with its appearance expressed all in straw, fancifully treated, *bien entendu*, with two or three smart *couteau* quills at the left side. The hat of the moment is completely *retrousée* at the back, and raised to an angle that must be seen to be believed. When the brim in front is left unmolested, the effect is very kind, and for the most part becoming, whereas only the few will carry off to a successful issue the foreshortened appearance of a brim, sliced off square, and accentuated by spreading loops or garnitures of flowers. Provided only it is small, however, there is apparently nothing that cannot be worn in the shape of hats just now.

Another style, I recall, that is rapidly gaining favour, has one side as flat as a plate, while the other is swept up upwards, so that, when worn, a coquettish angle is automatically arrived at. Of late years the eye has ceased to detect anything vulgar in a rakishly poised hat, although there is no question that many women affect this attitude who would be much better advised to leave it alone. The straightforward tilt is infinitely safer, and fully as replete with smart possibilities.

Headgear is of the utmost importance to-day. It is of the quality of charity that covereth a multitude of modistic sins. But from out the *embarras des choix* that prevails, there is one emphatic order that the hat, pinned and pinched down at the nape of the neck, be written down as hopelessly *démode*. We have no further use for this enveloping affair, as things go at present, although it will probably, like the rest, rise up on the ashes of a style, diametrically opposed to it, in the future. Meanwhile, it is decreed that we wear such incidental pieces as the model pictured on page 430, which would be very charming in black crin, trimmed faded roses, and *ciel* blue *souple* ribbon.

The Menu: A RÉCHERCHÉ LITTLE DINNER FOR EIGHT

Stuffed Eggs.
Clear Soup.
Boiled Salmon. Dutch Sauce.
Vol au Vent of Sweetbread.
Saddle of Lamb.
Roast Guinea-fowl.
Stone Cream.
Stewed Pears, with hot Chocolate Sauce.

STUFFED EGGS

Cut a small slice from each end of some hard-boiled eggs, and cut them into halves, the round way. Take out the yolks, and pound them in a mortar with some picked shrimps, 2 oz. of butter, a grain of cayenne, and a teaspoonful of anchovy sauce. When these ingredients are thoroughly well mixed, fill the whites with the mixture. Place on small fried croûtons.

BOILED SALMON

The fish must be carefully scaled and cleaned. Put it in the fish kettle with enough boiling salted water to cover it, add some lemon-juice or vinegar, bring it quickly to the boil, take off the scum, and let it simmer gently till the fish is done. It is important that salmon be well cooked; the time allowed is eight to ten minutes to the pound, but this depends on the thickness of the fish. Garnish with cut lemon and parsley, and serve with Dutch sauce.

Dutch Sauce.—Two oz. of butter, yolks of two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of cream or milk, one dessertspoonful of vinegar, one teaspoonful of tarragon vinegar, juice of half a lemon, salt, pepper, and cayenne. Beat the butter to a cream, add the yolks of the eggs, well beaten, the cream, mix in the vinegar very slowly; add the salt, pepper, and cayenne. Place the basin over a saucepan of boiling water, stir very carefully with a wooden spoon. Stir one way, and be very careful it does not curdle. Remove it from the fire, and stir in the strained juice of half a lemon. This sauce is very good hot or cold.

VOL AU VENT OF SWEETBREAD

Take some good puff paste, roll it out one inch in thickness, stamp it with a fluted cutter, mark it with another of a smaller size, leaving about one and a half inches at the edge. Brush it over with egg, and bake in a quick oven. When done, remove the piece marked out for the top with a sharp knife, and scoop out all the soft part. Drain and dry.

For the Inside.—Prepare and blanch two heart sweetbreads, quarter them, and put them aside. Now put 2 oz. of butter in a stewpan, when melted, add 2 oz. flour, add by degrees half a pint of good white stock. Add white pepper and salt, two small onions, and a piece of lemon-peel. When it boils, put in the pieces of sweetbread. Cover with a buttered paper, put the lid on, and simmer gently for three-quarters of an hour. Shake the stewpan occasionally. When done, remove the onion and lemon-peel.

STONE CREAM

Cover the bottom of a glass dish with some preserved apricots, mix with some of the syrup one tablespoonful of brandy and pour over the apricots. Dissolve ½ oz. of gelatine in a little water, strain it, and then add one pint of cream; add one tablespoonful of sugar, put it in a stewpan, and stir over the fire. Let it boil one minute, pour it into a jug, add two tablespoonfuls of brandy. When nearly cold, pour it over the apricots. Let it stand till next day. This may be made with equal parts of cream and milk.

Emilia.

A Useful Compilation

The Great Northern Railway Company have just published a very useful little compilation, intended for farmers, cattle dealers, and stock breeders. Its value lies in the comprehensive character of its contents, and its adaptability to be carried in very small compass. The addresses are given of the Company's agents, from whom information may be obtained as to the conveyance of horses, cattle, dogs, poultry, etc., by passenger or goods train, and the value of the figures relating to the rates for the conveyance of live stock by passenger train will be readily appreciated. Dates are supplied of the horse sales of the most important repositories in England, and the tables are provided of the passenger fares and horse rates to and from London, York, Doncaster, Lincoln, Horncastle, Huntingdon, and other information of a similar character. There is also a complete list of the race fixtures for 1905, besides other valuable information, which should ensure for the brochure a hearty reception. It may be obtained, free of charge, on application at any Great Northern station, town office, or of the Chief Passenger Agent, King's Cross Station, London, N. The Company have also issued a card dealing exhaustively with Agricultural Shows, which can be obtained from the Goods' Manager, King's Cross Station.

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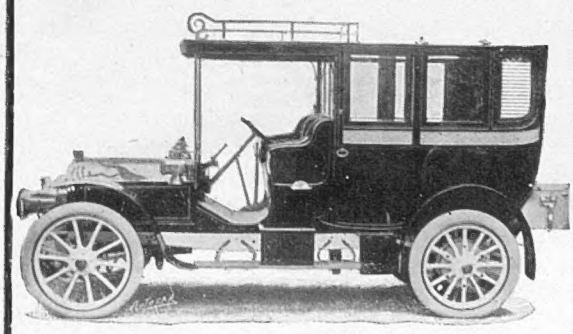

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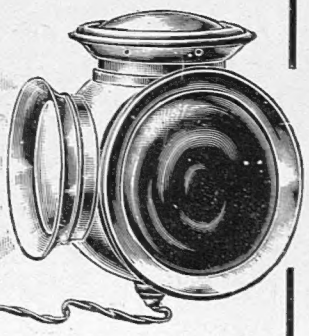

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The "Merryman" Series

Continuing to pass in review the genesis of British ceramics, after the discoveries and developments—including the much disputed salt-glaze—of Dwight, Mr. Burton deals with the potters of Nottingham, Bristol, etc., and so on to the English tin enamelled wares, mainly of Dutch origin, which led directly to the production of "Delft" at Lambeth, such as the well-known "Merryman" series of plates which philosophised—a line on each plate—after this fashion: (1) What is a Merry Man? (2) Let him do What he Can. (3) To Entertain his Guests. (4) With Wine and Merry Jests. (5) But if his Wife do Frown. (6) All merriment Goes Down.

These rather coarse domestic pieces were destined in due time to give place to pottery of some delicacy and taste. As this was the period when Continental influences were strongly felt, it was only likely that much of the change in our manufactures should be due to the Brothers Elers, who came here from Holland at the time of William III. Mr. Burton traces their history with no small skill; his researches will be of great value towards the attribution of pieces of the red-ware, in which John Philip Elers excelled, and in the collection of the pottery in general, of which the Dutchmen appeared to hold the secret for a time. This secret passed from them by more or less honest means, and they were succeeded in Staffordshire by a race of potters, who gradually brought the manufacture into vast importance. Mr. Burton devotes an admirably informatory chapter to Staffordshire salt-glaze, and the same class

A Wedgwood medallion, representing Linnæus, the famous botanist

A Wedgwood medallion, representing Captain Cook, the discoverer

of ware as produced elsewhere. In taking leave of this famous white glaze, he says:

> It was the first refined pottery that the English potter evolved by working after his own ideas, and is the most perfectly English form of pottery we have, for it was never made elsewhere. When one recalls the beautiful qualities of colour and texture of the thin pieces of the best period, the admirable way in which its makers had adapted their processes so as to display the beauties of the ware to the greatest advantage, and the triumphant skill with which they have overcome the risks attendant on firing such dainty pieces at so high a temperature, one cannot but regret its disappearance from the scene.

A Labour of Love

After this deserved panegyric on the technical qualities of eighteenth century salt-glaze, the interested student should turn to that famous family group of three, in the British Museum, which is figure No. 64 in the guide book to the English pottery of that collection, and see for himself how far these accomplished potters were dowered with decorative powers. Thomas Whieldon and his contemporaries, and Josiah Wedgwood and the men who worked in his day and soon after him, carry on the story of English pottery, and, with a general survey of the northern places of production and the minor eighteenth century factories, Mr. Burton brings what has evidently been a labour of love to a close. His history, with its excellent coloured plates and interesting reproductions, will stand for many a year. It is hardly probable that many new discoveries in regard to the subject can now take place, and Mr. Burton gives us the fullest particulars in so complete a form that one almost hopes no further information will come to rob this work of its standard quality.

E. M.

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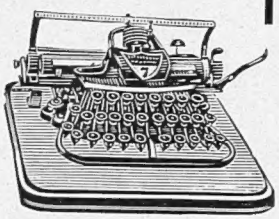

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"The Motorist and Traveller"

We have received the first number of a new publication devoted to the ever-increasing needs of the motoring community. Well printed on art paper, and illustrated with drawings and photographs, the new venture contains much that is interesting Its cost is sixpence weekly.

An Unfortunate Omission

Mr. Kinloch, of Perth, whose two sons, on their journey from Scotland to school, were both killed in the terrible accident to the Scotch Express at Cudworth, discovered, in going through the effects of his boys, that one—Adrian—had in his possession one of Charles Letts's diaries, containing a £1,000 insurance policy. He had for the first eighteen days of the year made use of the diary, stating day by day what he had done, but, most unfortunately, had omitted to send in the registration slip to the insurance company. Had this been done, £1,000 would now be payable to his relatives.

French Impressionist Fund

The reproach that England is without a single example of the work of Manet and Monet is soon to be taken away. Under the patronage of M. Rodin, who comes to London to open the Whistler Exhibition, and also Mr. John Sargent, R.A., a grand concert is being organised in aid of the French Impressionist Fund, and will be held in the Grafton Galleries on Sunday, February 26, at 9 p.m. Among the eminent artists who have kindly volunteered their services are Mme. Roger-Miclos, who is coming specially from Paris; M. Johannes Wolff, who will come on purpose from Frankfort; Mr. Atherton Smith, and Mme. Blanche Marchesi, who is kindly arranging the programme, concerning which further announcements will shortly be made. Tickets, price one guinea, may be obtained at the Grafton Galleries, the usual agents, or from Mr. Frank Rutter, Hon. Sec. French Impressionist Fund, 8 and 9, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.

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